JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 22, 1923. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 918 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1923. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

OUR GOLDEN XMAS GIFT TO YOU *See page 2*

The Sneak Party

by A. G. GARDINER

THE YADIL BOOK

If you value your own health and the health of those dear to you, order a copy of THE YADIL BOOK without delay and read it carefully. The chapters What is Disease?—Causes of Disease—Doctors and Disease—should be read in every home and in all schools to teach the coming generation how to attain old age free from pain and infirmities. THE YADIL BOOK is the most practical family medical book ever published, giving treatments for over 200 disorders all based on medical experience. Over 500 medical reports show the value of "Yadil" in every known disorder of bacterial origin. A copy of the third edition, 288 pages, cloth bound, will be sent post free to any home or foreign address on receipt of two shillings and sixpence.

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC

Here are some of the results made possible by "Yadil" Antiseptic: Pneumonia mastered in twenty-four hours, malaria checked with two or three doses, whooping cough stopped in two days, coughs and colds often in one day, tonsilitis in three days, diphtheria in a day or two. It masters promptly influenza, bronchitis, catarrh, typhus, cholera, dysentery, enteritis, colitis, cystitis, blood-poisoning, septic wounds, gangrene, pernicious anæmia. It cures, when used with the right kind of food, most cases of consumption, and prevents fresh cases from developing. All these diseases are merely the symptoms of bacterial infection which "Yadil" destroys. It vindicates Lister's principles and sets the seal to his undying fame as one of the men whose lifework has been truly useful to mankind.

Alex Clement

"Yadil" Antiseptic is prepared by Clement & Johnson Limited Research Medical Chemists 19 Sicilian Avenue London W.C.1.

Liquid 3 oz. 2/9 6 oz. 4/9 Pint 12/- Quart 22/6
Pills 50 2/9 150 4/9 500 12/- 1,000 22/6
Ointment 1 oz. 1/9 4 oz. 5/- Pastilles (for the voice) 1/- per tin.

Of all Chemists, including all branches of Boots, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Timothy White & Co., Ltd., Hodder & Co., and other Stores, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance. For abroad add 3/- for extra postage and packing.

PRONOUNCE IT YAH-DIL.

The word "Yadil" is registered. W.B.F.

GRAVES

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

are better value than ever. Handsome powerful instruments of exquisite tone and dependable quality constructed in our own manufactory, offered at the keenest competitive price and on the Easiest Terms of Payment ever made

WE DELIVER Graves Gramophone, (either Hornless or Horn Model, as desired) securely packed and carriage paid to approved orders for 5/- with order. If you are satisfied with the machine after trial in your home, the balance is payable in monthly payments of 5/- Money refunded in full if you are disappointed.

GRAVES HORNLESS GRAMOPHONE has beautifully polished Cabinet of selected oak (size 16½ x 14 x 7½ins) Powerful Motor with worm drive, silent & even running. Speed Regulator, Taper Tone Arm & finest quality Sound Box. All bright parts heavily nickel plated. £3 : 10 : 0

GRAVES GRAMOPHONE (Horn Model) has Cabinet, size 12½ x 12½ x 6½ins beautifully polished and tastefully decorated. Powerful, skilfully built silent motor, Taper Tone Arm, Speed Controller, decorated Sound Horn, and finest quality Sound Box. Price £3 : 5 : 0

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of our newest Models of Horn and Hornless Gramophones offered at the Keenest Prices & on Easy Terms Post Free

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

Motor Information Coupon.

Please send me information regarding the following cars:

.....

.....

.....

Fill in the details and these particulars will be sent you. Address Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

The Golden Box—"the handsomest case that ever contained a pen."

John Bull's Grand Distribution of 50,000 Golden Xmas Gifts

"HURRY!"

You're just in the nick of time!

John Bull's Golden Gift Sets have swept the country. They have solved the Christmas Gift problem for tens of thousands of our readers. You are just in time to participate in this Grand Distribution. All applications received up to and including Saturday, December 22, will be dispatched in time for Christmas. CATCH THE NEXT POST!

No. 1

The Golden Gift Set

For Father.

Contents.

The 5/- Masterpiece Lever Filler Model fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, and safety cap. It fills itself; it cleans itself; it cannot leak. For all practical purposes equal to Pens costing 17/6. Written 2-years' guarantee with every Pen.

-FREE!

Presented Free is a magnificent 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, superbly silvered and beautifully chased complete with rubber and refills, and as a Big Extra Xmas Surprise we place in the box this week Two Xmas Gift Stamps equivalent in value to 2/-

No. 2

The Golden Gift Set

For Mother.

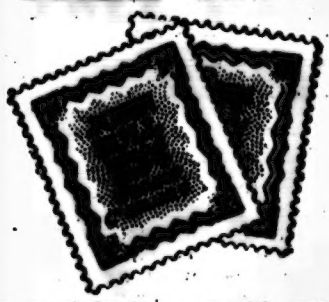
Contents.

The 5/- Masterpiece Lever Filler Model, slightly shorter for slipping into a handbag, and fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped. The graceful lines and beauty of design will instantly capture her heart. Written 2-years' guarantee with every Pen.

-FREE!

Presented Free is a dainty 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, heavily plated and beautifully chased, lady's size, with pendant top, and complete with rubber and refills. As a Big Extra Xmas Surprise we place in the box this week Two Xmas Gift Stamps equivalent in value to 2/-

FREE This Week!



We are placing in every box this week Two Xmas Gift Stamps value 2/-

Xmas Gift Coupon.

"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Please send me the Christmas Gift Set(s) described below. (Cross out those not required.)

No. 1 Golden Gift Set, containing the "John Bull" Masterpiece Model Pen (Man's size) and 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/6 (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

No. 2 Golden Gift Set, containing the Masterpiece Model Pen (Lady's size) and a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/6 (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).
Point if broad, medium or fine nib required. (Cross out grades not required.)

Postage on two Sets, 4d.; on three sets 6d. Postage and registration abroad 6d. each set. Packet (Ups 3d. each set

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE .....
J.B.22.12.23.

Cross cheque/P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull."
Money gladly refunded if you are not more than delighted.

Give *YOURSELF* this Xmas Gift.

A more practical present you could not choose—one which will bring a contented mind throughout the years—a sure shield in case of Fire, Storm, Sickness or Accident, "John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift costs you nothing Sign the coupons now.

FIRE

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects

£1000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to fire at registered reader's home.

£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 or **£125** in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks)

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

£300—loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by lightning thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300—loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£300—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 or **£250** in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

£6 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 6 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£5 5s.—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, and Tetanus (or Lockjaw). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—

Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Lacrosse, as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING

£250—if the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer

CUT HERE

J.B. 22.12.23 POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope Date ..... A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 22.12.23 HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

Date ....

GET THIS COAT NOW.

It is a WINTER OVERCOAT and a RAINCOAT COMBINED IN ONE.

So great has been the demand that our stock of materials is running low, and we are afraid we shall not be able to continue the supply at this price very much longer.

Triple-Proofed Gabardine Trench Coat

(The famous 4 in 1 Coat).

A COMBINED WINTER OVERCOAT AND RAINCOAT.

CURZON'S were the first to introduce this Coat at a popular price. When costs of materials were high two years ago, we were selling this Coat at 70/- when others were asking 90/- to 120/-.

For this Season we have been fortunate in arranging for large supplies of the materials enabling us to offer this famous Coat complete for **£2** Carriage paid by Parcel Post to your door.

It is important to remember that the quality of the garment is exactly the same as when the Coat was sold at the higher price.

It is equally important to remember that the price of the Curzon Coat includes the Detachable Wool Lining, for which some other firms ask 10/- to 20/- extra.

This is a coat for a lifetime, being absolutely stormproof and weatherproof, and affording complete protection against the most inclement weather. Its unique features are:—

1. It is lined with smart check plaid.
2. It is rubber interlined.
3. It has a detachable wool lining (for cold weather use) which can be fixed or removed in a minute.
4. All materials used in the production of this coat are guaranteed fast dyes and unshrinkable.

This lining can be removed without in any way affecting the smart appearance of the coat, and in this way can be worn in warm or mild weather. There are buttons sewn on inside the coat and buttonholes on the wool lining which enables it to be securely fastened on in a minute and thus makes the coat during cold weather equal to a winter overcoat as well as a Raincoat. The only coat on the market that answers the purpose of two or more coats. Post free on receipt of £2, under our guarantee to refund your money should the coat on delivery fail to give satisfaction. These coats can also be supplied in Navy Blue, guaranteed fast dyes, at 45/- carriage paid.

When ordering give your height and chest measurement (taken over waistcoat).

Orders by post to be sent to

CURZON BROS., Ltd.

The World's Measure Tailors,

New Head Depot:

36 & 37, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

THESE COATS CAN BE OBTAINED AT OUR HEAD DEPOT AS ABOVE AND BRANCHES AS FOLLOWS:—

WEST END: 188, Strand, W.C.; 421, Strand, W.C.; 118, New Oxford Street, W.C.; 98 & 99, Chancery Lane, W.C.; 89, Southampton Row, W.C.; 18, Old Compton Street, W.

CITY: 70 & 72, City Road, E.C.; 31, Liverpool Street, E.C.; 102, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.; 16, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Back), E.C.; 75, Aldersgate Street, E.C.; 115, Fleet Street, E.C.; 272, Bishopsgate, E.C.

ALSO AT:—

DEPTFORD, WOOLWICH, FORREST GATE, SHOREDITCH, EUSTON, POPLAR, FINCHLEY, KINGSTON, RICHMOND, TWICKENHAM, SUTTON, SOUTHEND, WESTCLIFF, WIMBLEDON, HOVE and GRAVESEND.

Fill in this Coupon or order by letter mentioning JOHN BULL.

To CURZON BROS., LTD., 36 & 37, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Please send me one of your coats as advertised, carriage paid for £2 (if Navy Blue, 45/-) under your guarantee to refund money if on receipt of the garment I am not fully satisfied.

My height is .....

My chest measure (taken over waistcoat) is .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Chronic Indigestion

shows that your nerves need new stimulus. Feed them with Dr. Cassell's Tablets. The amazing cure of Mrs. Palmer.

Mrs. Fanny Palmer's Statement.

Mrs. Fanny Palmer, of 5, Lower Windsor Street, Banbury, in a signed statement, says: "I am quite sure that Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my life. Five years ago I fell ill with such serious indigestion that nobody thought I could live. It commenced with a distaste for food, but soon it became the most awful suffering and I experienced agonies. I was afraid to eat and I wasted away to less than six stone. People said I was like a ghost; at any rate there was no strength in me, and I was just a shadow and as white as a sheet. I never slept and could get no rest. When I tried to eat I vomited. Medicines did me no good—I had all sorts of things, and I certainly could not have lived much longer when a neighbour advised Dr. Cassell's Tablets. With the third box I got relief. Then I improved fast. My strength came back. I put on flesh, and since then my health has been wonderful."

Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets for

Nervous Breakdown, Anæmia, Neuralgia, Palpitation, Indigestion, Kidney Weakness, Sleeplessness, Children's Neurasthenia, Weakness, Nerve Pains, Headache, Wasting

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

HOME PRICES, 1/3 and 2/-

Sold by Chemists throughout the Empire.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Save Your SKIN!

Use Germolene for facial Blemishes, red, rough, or chapped skin, eczema, rashes, and all ailments of the skin.

INVISIBLE WHEN APPLIED.

Heals and Purifies the Skin.

THE full bloom of perfect skin health can be secured by the use of Germolene, the Aseptic Skin Dressing. A few applications remove facial disfigurement associated with redness, roughness, scurf, chapped skin, etc. The soothing ingredients of Germolene also allay all irritation, tingling and burning. Germolene is invisible when applied. It is of a delicate flesh tint, and does not stain. Gentle massage sends it straight into the pores in a few seconds. The emollient creamy base in which the soothing and healing medicaments are mixed makes it a pleasure to use. It should be on every lady's dressing-table, and in every medicine cupboard.

When used for complexion treatment, Germolene should be slightly warmed, and gently massaged into the pores before retiring. All traces of Germolene will disappear with the morning's ablutions, and the skin will be found to be soft and velvety, and to possess a new glow of health.

Home prices 1s. 3d. and 3s. Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Section for Bargain Hunters.

Send for this **TONIC WINE NOW!** Don't carry health! Send to-day for your bottle of "Danzovin," the nerve-strengthening, flesh-forming, blood-making Tonic Wine, known established over 100 years.

DANZOVIN TONIC WINE

is indispensable to the weak and ailing, for building up after illness and wherever perfect health is sought. Send 4/6 (under cover of money back guarantee) for large bottle to-day from

JOSEPH HOBSON & SON
IMPERIAL STREET, LEEDS

4/6 POST FREE

A £2:2:0 Press for 6/6 POST FREE

Of polished wood and with enamelled metal fittings. If with nickel plated fittings, 9/6 post free. Postage 3d. extra for registration. Compact; light-weight; packs in suit case. Built to last years.

SAVE MONEY DRESS WELL. Keep your trousers creased and pressed to make them last longer and to give them that "just-from-the-tailor" look.

The COOPER-Vel

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If not delighted will gladly send cash refunded upon return in good condition. Send for list of other lines.

Unlike any other press. Two thumb screws and patent grip give even pressure and knife-edge crease. Send for this extraordinary bargain.

The Cooper Collapsible Box Co., Ltd. (Dept. 116), Clarendon Wks., HULL.

Ready Money Riley
MEANS 2/6 SPOT CASH

Will purchase any one of the following articles, or two for 4/9, or four for 9/-.

Guaranteed Sheet from Manufacturers & POST FREE.

LADIES' PURSE. 5 pockets, Best Morocco. Size 4½" x 3½"

GENTS' PURSE. Coin & Note pocketed. Best Morocco. 3½" x 3"

NOTE, CARD and SEASON TICKET CASE COMBINED. Crocodile Calf.

KNIFE CLEANER and SHARPENER. Latest, Simple and Effective.

R. RILEY, 9R, Bishop St., BIRMINGHAM.

Any dissatisfaction: You return, we replace.

A Library at Your Door

7/6 NOVELS FREE

To all "John Bull" Readers joining the Postal Library.

A nine-book-at-a-time subscription costs only 5/6 and lasts a lifetime. No chances and a low power motor. There are 2,000 titles by popular authors to select from. Full length editions bound in a convenient size to fit pocket, read, pastoral, life and story lists and ask for Gift Book Offer No. 7.

Postal Library Service, Addington House, Fulham, S.W.6.

"THE BOLTON"

DIRECT FROM FACTORY.

Carriage Paid on approval
Ball-Bearing Tangent Cycle Wheels

£6:17:6

Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushions. Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.

Cheaper Models from £3:12:6

Write for Free Catalogue No. 10.

S. BOLTON, 329 & 469, Kingsland Road, London, E. 8.

Warm Winter Shirt at 4/11

The Famous Velgora Soft Flannel Finish **SHIRT**

This is a Gentleman's Shirt, made of the well-known Velgora shirting; washable, soft, warm and will wash and wear well. White ground with neat lines, Helio, Black, etc., Stripes. All Guaranteed Fast Colours. Postage: 1 shirt, 6d.; 2 for 9d.; 3 for 1s. State size.

CURZON BROS., LTD.
(Dept. J.B.),
38-47, NEW BRIDGE Street, LONDON, E.C.4.

Triple-proofed Gabardine

TRENCH COAT

(*The Famous Officer's Coat*) A Combined Winter Overcoat and Raincoat. Includes for cold weather use a Detachable Wool lining, which can be removed in a minute for mild, rainy weather.

Price complete, 52/-, carriage paid.

Also in Rexy Blue, 49/- carriage paid.

When ordering give height and chest measurement taken over waistcoat.

CURZON BROS., LTD.
The World's Measure Tailors.
Dept. J.B., 38 & 47, New Bridge St., London, E.C.4.

The Rolls-Royce of Toyland

New 1924 Model. **17/6** Carriage Paid.

Size of car, 11 x 5 x 4½ ins.

The "Bronco" is the only true model of a real car. British made in every detail. You can crank up for starting, steer it, and jam on the brakes. Spanner, spare wheel, and driver's licence supplied with car and garage. Send for this Ideal Gift to-day. Remittance crossed "Lloyd's Bank."

The NEW BRENCO MANUFACTURING Co. Dept. J.B., 36-47 Gt. Jackson-st., M/c.
Wholesale enquiries invited.

14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

The greatest work-day boon ever invented. The new and improved "SWIFTSURE" Patent BALL-VALVE VACUUM Washer is a triumph of BRITISH inventive genius.

A TUB OF CLOTHES WASHED IN 4 MINUTES

NO BOILING
NO RUBBING
NO SCRUBBING

£10,000 Satisfied Purchasers

Made of Solid Copper

Carr. **19/6** paid.

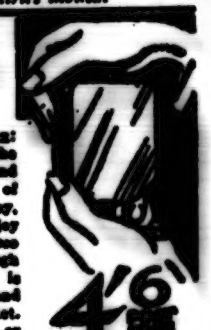
SEND NO MONEY

Just send a postcard to-day and the "SWIFTSURE" will be sent CARRIAGE PAID for your 14 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

Send for our Bargain List of Labour Saving Appliances.

BRITISH VACUUM WASHER CO. (Dept. 26) Liverpool.

Fill your Pipe this way!



Use a Vanolin Pilot Pouch Box: it presses the tobacco into the bowl in easy even layers, and with just the right amount of firmness, ensuring free, easy, smooth smoking—real smoke joy every time. It saves the tobacco that you now waste through poor filling. The Vanolin is nickel-plated, very light, and slips easily into the pocket. Just the thing for yourself or for an Ideal Christmas Present.

4/6 POST FREE

Vanolin Rings also Supplied

Send P.O. To-day to:
WILLIAMS & Co., 14, Bury St., London, W.C.1

£5, £1 and 50 other Prizes

THIS week's prizewinners are:—
1st Prize, £5, Mr. J. Nettle, Jannes, Redruth, Cornwall, for:
"Bovril, because it dares to stand on its known merits. Boldly it offers its bare name to wide public notice as a sufficient advertisement."
2nd Prize, £1, Mr. D. Beck, c/o Hiltons, George Street, Altrincham, for: (Gre-Solvent)
"Says all that's necessary in three sentences after gaining your attention by an apt illustration and headline. A good little advertisement neatly put."
To 50 other competitors, attractive consolation prizes have been sent.

Many competitors persist in writing letters. These are automatically disqualified.

In spite of instructions numerous competitors send in poetry, good and otherwise, while others perpetrate painful puns.

All that is necessary is a serious attempt to estimate the value of a given advertisement. The skill lies in embodying your ideas in a neat phrase in 24 words or less.

MORE "DONT'S" FOR COMPETITORS:
Don't give personal experiences.
Don't copy last week's winners.
Don't choose the Odhams Guarantee.

SOME "DO'S":
Do use postcards only.
Do include name and address.
Do count your words.

This week's efforts must reach "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, not later than Wednesday, December 26. Simply give us in 24 words—or less—your idea of which is the best advertisement in JOHN BULL, and why you think so.

Cooking A Cripple

IT would be hard to imagine anything more miserably mean than to filch from a poor cripple the little capital on which he relied to earn a living, yet this is the dismal proceeding that has been brought to our notice.

Over two months ago, in view of the near approach of a football match between two well-known teams, he sent an order for two gross of brooches representing the colours of the contending clubs to Cook & Co., 12, Stirling Street, Grimsby, enclosing £1 4s. in payment.

It was his intention to sell these emblems among the spectators at the match, and he asked for delivery of his order within four days. He received an acknowledgment of the order, but no brooches were forthcoming.

There may have been several reasons why his order could not be carried out, but there can be no excuse for the callous fashion in which the firm have ignored his repeated requests for the return of his money.

We have ourselves written to Cook & Co. on the poor fellow's behalf, but have received no reply.

Cook & Co.'s advertisement could not find a place in JOHN BULL but if it had been in we should have refunded the money in accordance with the terms of our Guarantee.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 42, Thomas Street, Manchester.

£5 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 91, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERS, Market-Men and Beginners. A postcard will bring you our free list of Remnants and Drapery.—Levy's, Ltd., 30a, Commercial Road, London, E.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only): list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 99, High Street, Manchester.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Feltham St., Nottingham.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 80 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (24 words). 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. J.), 61, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 3½d. Write for free 1924 patt. bk. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

GUNS.—Gradual payments. Best value in English guns with 12 months' guarantee. From £9 9s. Send for list.—Thomas Wild, Whittall Street, Birmingham.

ARMY Pattern KIP Boots, 12/6. Ladies' Shoes, 9/6. Carriage 6d. Catalogue.—Hardwicks Boot Warehouse, Tweagate, Tamworth.

Is Your Hair Falling Out?

Amazing Discovery of Hairgrowing Secret.

Proved by Nearly 1,000 Doctors.

32-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE.

If you are afraid of going bald if your hair causes you the slightest anxiety, if it is dry and brittle, full of scurf or dandruff, if it is fading or falling out, even if you are bald, send a card at once for a free copy of an intensely interesting 32-page illustrated book about the startling hair-growing discovery that has caused such a sensation in medical circles.

THE SENSATIONAL SUCCESS.

So amazing has been the success of the new hair food, Humagsolan, that a special complimentary edition of its explanatory treatise has been prepared, and you should apply at once by letter or postcard to make sure of obtaining your free copy. It gives in clear, easy to understand language full details of the discovery that has revolutionised hair treatment. And it tells how Humagsolan has conquered hair troubles that have hitherto defied every form of treatment.

For years Scientists have known that all hair troubles come because the hair roots are starved of their proper nutriment. Dr. David Walsh, M.D., Edin., points out: . . . . . Like all other tissues of the body, including teeth and bone, hair derives its nourishment from the blood."

You, probably, and most of the general public do not know this, but the Medical Profession knows it, and that is why

NEARLY A THOUSAND DOCTORS

and leading British Hospitals have proved that this new hair food does cure hair troubles and brings a luxuriant growth of hair to the head that was going bald. From the moment the treatment is commenced Humagsolan stops the hair from falling out, and it begins to grow stronger and thicker; bald patches disappear and natural vigorous growth is resumed.

EFFECT NOTICED AT ONCE.

Humagsolan has been known to effect this wonderful change in the short space of a fortnight. Success can practically be guaranteed with one month's course of treatment. Many who people who rejoice in good heads of hair take Humagsolan regularly to preserve its health. It will improve even the most beautiful hair.

If you have the slightest anxiety about your hair, if you are faced every morning with Nature's warning, do not delay! Send a letter or card for a special free copy of the intensely interesting 32-page illustrated book which embodies the whole of this interesting subject, together with sketches showing how hair grows, the position of the hair roots and how they function, etc. It also includes chapters on Hygiene of the Hair, Your Brush and Comb, Scurf and Dryness, Greasy Hair, Splitting Hair, Baldness, Nervous and Constitutional Troubles, Loss of Colour, Greyness, Alopecia, What the Doctors say, etc.

DO NOT DELAY—WRITE TO-DAY.

Do not hesitate to apply for a copy of the book. It is sent to you post free and implies no obligation on your part whatever.

If you care to state in confidence any particulars concerning the nature of your hair-trouble, a personal letter of advice will be sent free of all obligation. HUMAGSOLAN, LTD., 71z, Pemdray House, 10, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Richest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

IF YOU want AGENTS—the kind that build for bigger and better businesses—try a little Ad. under this heading. Men who are ever on the look-out for a better opportunity or who seek to augment their income read these ads., and you will find them keenly responsive to your offer. Send your ad. to-day to the Small Advertisement Dept., John Bull, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing remittance payable to Odhams Press Ltd., at the rate of 8s. per line of approximately 6 words, 3 lines minimum.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 80 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press, (Series Dept, 6th), 150, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£2 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 20/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars, E. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

TRUMPS.—Every card-player must obtain the Expanding Ring Trump Indicator. Fits on thumb. 2/- per set of four. Ladies' and Gentlemen's sizes. From stationers or post free from LEE & SON, 27, Alsham Rd., Norwich.

CHRISTMAS Parties astounded! Sex indicator, Humans, animals, eggs, plants, accurately disclosed; baffling, entertaining: 2/6, particulars stamp.—Whall, Stratford-on-Avon.

BOOTS.—Buy Factory direct. Enormous saving. AGENTS WANTED. Stamp for lists (L.) and particulars. British Boot Co., Bristol.

CHILDREN'S GRAMOPHONES, plays real records—British—4/3, posted; with record, 5/6.—Parmour, 13, Croft Road, Godalming.

2/- MONTHLY buys a high-grade Blick Universal Typewriter, complete with travelling case. Last word in portable typewriters. 30 years' reputation. 2 yrs. guarantee. Cut out handwriting drudgery at once and use a Blick while you pay. Send a postcard for FREE BOOKLET No. 168 to Blick, 9, Cheap side, E.C.

MEND the Kiddies' Boots in 15 minutes. The Jackson Rapid Locktitch Awl, 1/6, post free.—H. E. Jackson, 17, Duncan Terrace, City Road, N.1.

OFFICER'S TRENCH-COAT, with interlined slicker, interlined with detachable all-wool fleece lining—four coats in one—37s 6d, c. pd. Leather Jerkins, 7/6.—Millet, Government Contractors, Milton Street, Nottingham.

VAMPING on PIANO in one lesson. Send 1/6 for our WONDERFUL CHART.—THE PAX CO., 1, Trump Street, London, E.C.2.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send one penny stamp for prospectus.—E. M. C., Dept. 28a, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Clerks, Electrical Fitters, Fitters General, Fabric Workers, Motor Engineers, Storekeepers, Wireless Operators and Power Station Tradesmen. Age limits: Ex-Servicemen 18 to 30, Non-ex-Service 18 to 20; men N.C.O.s up to 38 years (with rank according to trade ability). Pay from 31/- to 69/6 per week on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over.—Write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

LIVESTOCK.

AFRICAN Grey Parrots, Amazons, Young Talking Parrots and cages, from 40/-.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

COMBINED Raincoat and Overcoat—the "Raingale," made from triple-proofed Gabardine, with rubber-backed Check Lining, 45/-. Thick Fleece Lining, 15/- extra. Patterns free.—Write, Raingale Mfg. Co., 94, Royal Exchange, Leeds.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to £1/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. —47, Swan Inst., Fosting Grove, Portsmouth.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS Sets by easy payments. Perfect reception. "Listen in" while paying. Free List. — Townsends, Ltd., Ernest St., Birmingham.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/6; motors, 13/6; accessories. Violins, accordions, cheap-st. 32-page list 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Dorsan, 96, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for free Pamphlet. —Rideard Tablet Co., 96-98, Cadnor, Derby.

STUBBORN SKIN DISEASES. — New unfailing discovery. "Vroc" (say Ee-roc) positively cures eczema, sores, piles, all eruptions, scalds and cuts. WITHOUT SCAR. 1/3, p.f.—Vroc, 336, Green Lane, London, N.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD (17630), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Lobeline Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Barton Road, Lennox, S.W.2.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds, containing good, sound advice and special information of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Send absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —L. Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 99-93, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

GOITRE. Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept. K.), Medical Hall, 44 Broadway, Grays.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

A BOOK on Herbs. How to blend, make and take them. Sent free. Write for one to Secretary, 62, Holme Top Street, Bradford.

SKIN DISEASES, Psoriasis, Eczema, Bad Legs, completely and permanently cured by Kurem Home Treatment. Free Book sent under plain cover.—Write, J. Robinson & Sons, 18, Kurem House, BRADFORD.

DR. HALL'S FAMILY HERBAL PILLS.—A safe and reliable remedy for the STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS; removes disorders equally common to men, women and children. Prevents physical discomfort and ill-health. No household should be without a supply. 48 pills 9d. Double quantity, 1/3, post free. — HALL'S HYGIENE CO., LTD., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

FITS.—Epilepsy banished at last. No case too severe or too old. Prescription, proof free all sufferers.—Whitby & Co., Windsord, Ches.

IONISED TABLETS.—New Disease Remedies. Special kind for every ailment. Boxes 2/6, 6/6, 12/6.—Laboratory, 23, Newport Street, Bolton.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

WHY TAKE MEDICINE for Rheumatism or Gout when "Woodsine" Blend Dry Cyder is equally beneficial—and so much more pleasant?—Write Whitaways, Wimple, Devon, for particulars.

FREE GRAMOPHONES.—It is possible for parents to obtain delightful little "Fancy Melodious Gramophones" quite free this Christmas. They are being presented to customers of THE REGO CLOTHIERS, Ltd., who purchase juvenile clothing and footwear to the value of £2 or more. With each Gramophone is given a double-sided record. The Rego Clothiers are the actual manufacturers of boys' and youths' clothing, and they sell direct to the public through 89 Juvenile Branches.

THE UNIVERSAL STORES — THE UNIVERSAL STORES

£1,000 GIVEN AWAY IN CHRISTMAS GIFTS

10/- EACH TO 2,000 CUSTOMERS

Greatest Gramophone Bargain in the World

Two thousand only remain of our High Grade British Made Gramophones out of our stock of ten thousand since the commencement of our advertisements in September. In order to create a record, and at the same time benefit the Gramophone-buying public, we are determined to sell the final 2,000 machines within the next week or two, and all purchasers sending their cash remittance accompanied by the XMAS GIFT COUPON below will receive their Gramophone by return for

40/-

ONLY

instead of 50/-, our previously advertised price. Don't delay a day.

Make sure of your 10/- Xmas Gift now by purchasing for the small sum of only 40/- the biggest Gramophone Bargain of your lives.

A first-class musical instrument and handsome piece of furniture combined.

Price 50/-, worth six guineas. With coupon, 40/- only.

Don't wait till nearer Xmas. Our Gramophones won't.

FINAL OFFER

LAST FEW DAYS

Every Machine guaranteed as illustrated.

GREAT BRITAIN'S GREATEST MERCHANTS — ALL ORDERS BOOKED IN ROTATION

SPECIFICATION.

SOLID OAK, POLISHED CABINET. New design, with panelled sides and hand-carved doors. GENUINE SWISS MOTOR, powerful and very silent running, with DOUBLE RECORD SPRING. 10 in. plush covered turntable that will take up to 12 in. records. NICKEL SILVER-PLATED GOOSE-NECK TONE ARM Patent swivel action. SPECIAL CONCERT SOUND BOX, with insulated rubber back. Silver-plated speed regulator and needle cup, carved fretwork grille with silk lining, internal horn, double folding doors on piano hinges, to increase or diminish sound at will. Size of machine approximately 15 in. wide, 16 in. long, 9 in. deep.

A BEAUTIFUL ALBUM complete with 12 double-sided 2/6 Records (making 24 selections) and 2 Boxes containing 400 Best Quality Needles, sent carriage paid for only £1, or Six Double-Sided Records and Box of 200 Needles for 10/-. The selection of the records to be left to us, but we guarantee a good all-round selection of latest songs, bands, etc. Every record is warranted new and unscratched, entirely British made, and are the best records on the market.

DON'T DELAY: SEND YOUR ORDER NOW, WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. CASH REFUNDED IF NOT DELIGHTED WITH YOUR BARGAIN.

If unable to send full cash at once, secure the Gramophone now by sending a small deposit; the balance can be paid at your own convenience.

The Universal Stores Ltd MANCHESTER

EST. 1900.

21, Cannon Street, Gramophone Department. (J.B. 4), MANCHESTER.

Send for our new Money Saving Catalogue which contains hundreds of Household Bargains.

XMAS GIFT

Fix this to your Order.

10/-

"John Bull" Xmas No.

COUPON

THE UNIVERSAL STORES — THE UNIVERSAL STORES

Vol. XXXIV. No. 916.
Week ending Saturday,
Dec. 22, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerrard 9866.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

A Merry Christmas.

"Peace and good will"—you know the rest of it. If worry comes, just make a jest of it. Life favours those who make the best of it.

The Moral Bankrupts.

Mr. Baldwin's decision to retain office in face of the result of the election is politically useless. The first vote in the House will see him defeated.

Flouting the People's Will.

Meanwhile, to snatch a momentary advantage, the Government are deliberately wasting a precious month during which measures for relieving unemployment could have been prepared.

Asking for Trouble.

Having committed political suicide it would have become them better to take the dignified step of burying the corpse. Their ill-advised action in clinging to office is an insult to the nation.

The One Good Thing.

One good result of the unwanted election is that political opinion is favourable to our demand for a reform of the electoral system. Proportional representation would be fair to all parties.

Make Citizenship Real.

Another reform we should like to see is compulsory voting or disenfranchisement. A man who, when his country's destiny is at stake, cannot trouble to record his vote does not deserve to have one.

A Practical Plan.

Every day the shadow of unemployment deepens. There should be summoned without further delay a committee of the best men the nation holds—with no thought of party—who should sit till this problem is solved. And the time to summon it is NOW.

Fleet Street's "Fat Boy."

The mere idea of the King asking Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to form a Government sends Lord Rothermere into a frenzy of impotent rage. That his megalomania may yet lead to a grave discourtesy to the Throne is not beyond the bounds of possibility.

Backstairs Politics.

The intrigues to prevent the Labour Party forming a Government are about as sensible as trying to stifle a volcano. As a constitutional Party they have a perfect right to expect fair play and an adherence to constitutional precedent.

Dishonest Trickery.

The *Daily Mail* and *Evening News* continue to spread abroad the fable that the Labour Party is bound to accept the decisions of "German, Russian and Austrian Socialists" on international affairs. We happen to like truthful journalism, and we again give it the lie direct.

A Purge for Revolution.

The accession of the Labour Party to power would be the best possible tonic for the wild men. There is nothing so sobering as responsibility.

Caught Out!

Since the breakdown of the Rothermere Coalition plot, our prediction of a quarrelsome time inside the Press Gang has come true. But the Beaverbrook hymn of impeccable sanctity is even funnier than the daily "hate" of the Rothermere mouth-organ!

A Sensible General.

General Sir Ian Hamilton wants the Government to raise a National Work Loan of £200,000,000. Why not? They raised a much bigger War Loan. Let us have organisation for work and less disorganisation by doles.

Stopping the Rot.

M. Poincaré views with apprehension the downfall of Mr. Baldwin, for he sees emerging a new and saner British foreign policy. We cheerfully tell him that he has every cause for apprehension.

Sabre-rattling.

M. Poincaré wants a return to pre-war conditions and a military alliance between France and England. But the British people will have no more secret diplomacy, and he is backing the wrong horse.

A Contagious Disease.

Political insanity is as catching as measles. Signor Mussolini is imitating Mr. Baldwin and risking his parliamentary majority for an equally trivial reason. And the Italian people will no doubt give him an equally decided answer.

The Reason Why.

Unemployment in Italy is down to normal and her economic recovery is well on the way. Italy is one of the countries that have entered into full trade relations with Russia. Whitehall, please note.

Saving £50,000,000.

Once more John Bull has proved to be more in touch with public opinion than the professional politician. We have always protested against the Singapore Dock scheme. In face of the election results it has now been dropped.

Misused Genius.

An air-bomb weighing five tons is in process of construction. A tithe of the brains used in devising instruments of death could solve the unemployment problem in a week if given scope. A mad world—a mad world!

IMPORTANT

OWING to the Christmas holidays "John Bull" will be on sale throughout the country on Thursday, December 27, instead of Wednesday, December 26.

The issue dated Saturday, January 5, 1924, will be on sale on the previous Wednesday as usual.

A Pressing Task.

The Rent Restrictions Act is in a mess and the courts are in a muddle. Early legislation is imperative to remove anomalies and check ever-increasing hardship and injustice.

A Task for Diplomats.

This week sees critical conferences affecting the miners and railway-men. The first have the strongest case for justice being done, and the second cannot be expected to agree to wages reductions in face of the railways profits and reserves.

Organisation Wanted.

Farmers are complaining of a labour shortage in lifting their crops of mangolds and potatoes. Surely it is not beyond the wit of man to bring such urgent work within reach of the unemployed?

Their Own Business.

The farmers claim that the politicians have failed to produce an agricultural policy. Let the Farmers' Union take steps to evolve one.

Wholesale Extravagance.

The wholesale slaughter of cattle at the instance of the Ministry of Agriculture strikes us as savouring of panic. Surely modern veterinary science has something better to recommend?

Legislation Needed.

Gambling in prices by people who have no actual material to sell is an ever-growing scandal, and a fruitful cause of high prices. A contract should be illegal unless the actual material is delivered.

Physician, Heal Thyself.

The Labour Party, who are so clamorous about the need for education, might turn their attention to the trade unions who forbid the apprenticeship of boys over fifteen. This is a bar on education at a time when a boy's mind is most receptive.

A Crushing Load.

The national income last year was £863,000,000. Of that, £590,000,000 was spent in paying for past, and preparing for future, wars. We look to Parliament to find some lever for removing such a useless and intolerable burden from the taxpayer.

How it Works.

America is about to make a £66,000,000 cut in taxation. Britain faces the prospect of higher taxation to save a Budget deficit. The difference is explained by the fact that we pay our debts and other countries don't.

Missing an Opportunity.

America has agreed to private financial experts joining the Reparations Inquiry. An official delegate would have better become her position as a great nation, and given her protestations about desiring to help a ring of that sincerity they lack at the moment.

The World's Pantomime.

The League of Nations Council has spent a whole morning receiving reports on the education of Russian emigré children! Somebody ought to tell them that Europe is in ruins and half the world busy preparing for war!

Mysterious Humbug.

The "Most Noble Order of Crusaders" which began the week as a body of "Noisy Parkers," has been at pains to explain that they are merely a body of "Nosy Parkers." We've no use for them either way.

Whose Meanness?

Who is responsible for the "Private and Confidential" circular to local authorities suggesting that in view of the need for cutting down expenses watch should be kept on the cost of entertainment at Christmas for Workhouse inmates? Economy is wanted, but not this sort.

That Christmas Feeling!

Judge Mellor said in the Manchester County Court that he could not turn six young children and their mother into the streets during this cold season, even though the rent was in arrears. The mother offered to pay a pound to the landlord on account, but this gentleman, touched by what the judge had said, stated he would be satisfied for the present with ten shillings. A worthy landlord indeed.

The Dickens of a Good Chap!

The clerk to the Leighton Buzzard Guardians is a good sort. Knowing that his own Christmas fare will go down all the better for the knowledge that the poor old folk in the workhouse are not without a little good cheer, he and a member of the Board of Guardians with an equally good heart have clubbed together and provided enough beer to see the workhouse inmates over the festive season. How Dickens would have liked that clerk!

The Brute!

Because John Hallaron, a blinded war-hero from St. Dunstan's, accidentally trod on the heels of a seaman named George Mitchell, this unspeakable beast twice struck the unfortunate ex-soldier to the ground, robbed him of fourpence, his St. Dunstan's badge, and two Braille watches, finally leaving him with the words, "Get out before you get more; I'll St. Dunstan's you." Mitchell is an animal whose caging with penal servitude for the next five years is well earned.

A Canine Prodigy.

Mr. C. G. Abel, of Peterbury, near Plymouth, has a faithful friend in his dog when he goes out riding. When he was thrown from his horse so heavily that he broke his leg, the intelligent animal carried home first the coat, and later the waistcoat, of his master to warn the family of his plight. Luckily the man's repeated cries brought the necessary assistance, for the family treated the efforts of the dog as being due to playfulness. As the Yankees would have it—"Some pup!"

A Director in the Ditch.

Described as a director, Thomas Henry Restall, of Solihull, Birmingham, was found at one o'clock in the morning sitting at the wheel of a motor-car, one side of which was embedded a foot deep in a ditch. Whatever else he may direct, he was obviously incapable of directing a car, for half an hour later he was still muddled and maudlin with drink. What puzzles us is why the magistrates let him off lightly with a fine of forty shillings. A mere taxi-cab driver would probably have been sent to prison and very likely have had his licence withdrawn.

Miss Sherlock Holmes.

Mamie Tannahill, of 206, Mains Street, Glasgow, is only three years old, but she has the sharpness of a person much older. While at play outside a shop, she observed John Cregan take down a cape displayed for sale, and in spite of his vicious admonition, "You shut your mouth!" she rushed into the shop to give the alarm. Later wee Mamie appeared as the chief witness at court, and it was due to her wonderfully intelligent narrative and answers that a conviction was effected. A baby 'sleuth'' indeed!

Copying the Pictures.

In allowing the appeal of William Goss against his conviction at Cheshire Assizes for housebreaking the Lord Chief Justice administered a well-deserved rebuke to the police for the method of identification adopted. Two women who had met a man hurrying towards the railway station carrying a bag, were shown a number of photographs, and after inspecting them "identified" the accused man. Such a fantastic proceeding would be jeered at in a kinema film, and cannot for a moment be permitted in real life.

Get at the Truth.

The Law Society is to go into the merits of the abandoned blackmail charge made by one solicitor against another. We hope they will go into the whole matter thoroughly. It's the system that's wrong.

Another.

Another tragedy of the War. Demented men hustled back into private life before being cured in order that the State should evade its liabilities. Major Bailey was only one of many, and the false economy involved is going to cost us dear in the end.

Capital Fellows.

The members of the Ipswich Fire Brigade are animated with the right spirit. When a cat fell from a roof and became wedged between two walls they heard its pitiful cries, and cut away five feet of bricks and mortar to rescue poor pussy. It is good to know that the humane spirit is still very much alive in the world!

Practice and Precept.

The working man's child is not to have educational opportunities equal to those of the rich man's child in Yorkshire if Labour has its way. At Yeadon and Guisely a boy who remains at school until he is sixteen is denied entrance by trades unions into certain skilled trades. Evidence which proves that Labour is not always prepared to practise what it preaches.

Time!

"I knocked him out for the full count," was the admission made by a young wife at Grimsby. She and her husband during an altercation became so heated that blows were exchanged, but the young Amazon finished off the matter by first laying out hubby, and then appealing for police intervention. However, the matter ended happily by the couple leaving the court the best of friends, arm in arm.

Cave-man Stuff.

John Richard Jones, assistant master at the Stationers' School, Hornsey, whose spiritual home appears to be away back in the Stone Age, fondly fancied himself as a fearless wife-tamer. Declaring his intention to conquer his spouse so completely that she would never dispute his authority, he blacked her eyes and threw water over her. Instead of conquering his wife, he lost her, and has now to pay her £3 a week under a maintenance order!

The Beggar's Opera.

That people do not always beg because they are destitute was made evident when a seventy-year-old mendicant named Alker Simmons was discovered with £200 in Treasury notes. Simmons was made to pay £25 for exercising his profession, and he carefully counted out the sum, paid the fine, and left the court, probably to defraud again generous souls worse off than himself. No wonder the kindhearted doubt the genuine article when there are such twisters.

Life's Latest Snag.

Horrid to relate, there is an alleged dearth of six-foot footmen. It seems that Americans are snapping them up and taking them to the United States, and that owners of English picture palaces pay the magnificent creatures more to exhibit their calves outside the ninepenny part. Thus there is gloom in baronial halls. For our part, however, we are bearing up wonderfully. And we shan't worry even if we do have to carry in the turkey with our own hands.

Law's Horrible Farce.

The tragedy of the unmarried mother who takes the life of her unwanted child, while her fellow-sinner hides in security, has long shocked the public conscience. But what of the case of Alice Turney? This young servant girl, who strangled her baby, comes of a family of mental deficients. The girl has the mental capacity of a child! She also has an aunt in an asylum. Yet she was sentenced to death with all the pomp of the law, though judge and jury must have known the sentence would immediately be commuted.

Why this Apathy.

It seemed that the authorities were at last awake to the evil of the hotel-brothels in the West End, but after their fit of energy they are now back in the old apathetic ways. But the evil still goes on.

A Chip of the Old Block.

Thomas Henry Broadway, although only fifteen years of age, has just been awarded the certificate of the Royal Humane Society for life-saving at Brownhills at the same spot in the canal from which his father at various times has saved no fewer than three persons from drowning. Well done, Tommy! "Like father, like son" is no idle proverb in your case.

Dying Like a Dog.

Just because John Lancaster was a pedlar and only able to afford cheap lodging-house shelter he was allowed to die. He was taken ill in the Byrom Street lodging-house (Manchester), but instead of sending for a doctor the deputy-manager sent for the police. Every man has a right to a chance of life—if a man is an underdog that's no reason why he should be allowed to die like one. That deputy-manager wants sacking.

Only the Referee!

Patrick M'Dade, of 7, Hume Street, Clydebank, is a young football-player hooligan of whom junior football circles in that district will be well rid for the next two months. Because the referee in a Scottish Junior cup-tie gave decisions which did not meet with his approval, Dade at the close of the game struck him with his clenched fist behind the ear. His sixty days' imprisonment will afford him ample time to ruminate on the folly of such an unsportsmanlike action.

Sins of the Dance Halls.

The perils which threaten young women who attend the dancing halls of Glasgow, call for police supervision of those establishments. Illicit drinktaking, intoxicated male dancers, and numerous negro patrons eager for the company of white girls, are features of the lower-class halls frequently attended by innocent pleasure-seekers. Recently one of these dancers was seduced by a negro beast, and was driven from home by her parents. British girlhood must be better protected than this.

Kleptomania—of Course!

A gang of well-to-do women thieves, who had a most ingenious way of covering their tracks, have recently been surprised in Glasgow. Their method was to steal goods from the counters of the principal shops during busy hours, and then hurry away their loot to the gloom of a kinema, where the articles were bound up in parcels. In court the names of these well-connected pilferers were not disclosed. Why? Justice demands that class should play no part in such unsavoury matters.

Wits Away.

We feel sorry for Albert Walter Taylor, of Chingford, whose mind became a blank when he was driving a car, but more sorry for Alfred George Landymore, who was killed by the car. The coroner's jury recommended that Taylor's licence should not be renewed, and Taylor will be wise to take the rider to heart, although a coroner has not the power to compel him to. No blame attaches to him—he was ill for a moment, that was all. But it was time enough to kill one man and knock down more.

Smarter and Smarter.

We like smart lads, but not too smart ones like Augustus Stanford, thirteen, who was so sharp that he won a scholarship. Having got thus far, Augustus hit on the "bright" idea of calling at his teachers' homes when they were at school, and getting money by saying they had lost their purses, and had sent him to get some cash. Mr. Lankester, the West London magistrate, saved Augustus from the stain of a conviction by binding him over on condition that the father makes Gussie smart when he sits down. The lad needs correcting.

At the Mercy of Brutes.

We heartily endorse the plea of Viscountess Grey of Fallodon, who advocates a point we have stressed for years—when an animal torturer is convicted, the dumb creature should be taken away so that the human fiend cannot wreak his spite on it. Cowardly brutes must not be allowed to hold the power of evil over dumb creation.

Friend of Man.

Major Harding Cox in his new book, "Dogs and I," suggests that any man capable of tethering a dog to a kennel for more than an hour or two, except at night, ought to be chained to his own bed in order to find out what it feels like. This is seasonable talk at a time of the year when so many faithful brutes are turned adrift. It is well to be reminded that the record of the dog entitles him to be treated with consideration and kindness.

A Home in Heaven.

Worried almost to death, Janet Knott, John Street, Rusholme, is being kindly treated in a Manchester hospital. Weeks ago an ejectment order was made against her family, and as a home could not be found on earth, she conceived the idea that for herself and baby Lily there was one in Heaven. Fortunately their lives were saved, and by the time Janet leaves hospital a home should be ready for her in Manchester.

Aid for a Maid.

Discord between mistress and maid is occasionally expensive. Miss Isobel Teresa De Paiva, a domestic servant, was awarded £146 damages by a jury for alleged false imprisonment and malicious prosecution against her employers. There was a row over a gold handbag which the mistress of the house had lost, and Miss De Paiva was accused of theft. Employers who run servants into the Police Court risk running into something themselves!

Brighter Churches.

The Rev. E. P. Woolcombe, Vicar of Sutton, has thought on a novel way of attracting to a religious service thousands of young people who might otherwise parade the streets on a Sunday night. The services are held in the Surrey Cinema Theatre, Sutton, and are conducted by clergy of all creeds. Smoking is permitted, and popular music is played. Here's one Vicar at least who keeps abreast of the times. It's the only way.

Too Many on the Panel.

The greed of the panel doctors will prove their own undoing. Dr. B. Goitein, of Downs Park Road, Hackney, has 1,400 married persons on his panel, and that may have been the reason that he diagnosed the disease of a milkman as nervous debility when the poor fellow was so reeking with consumption and disseminating the germs wherever he went that he fell dying in the street. Glad we're not on Dr. Goitein's panel, and hope you're not, either!

The Carman's Care.

Charged with working a lame pony, George West, a Bermondsey carman, said in a voice breaking with emotion that he would spend nearly all his earning on getting the pony well. A vet. avowed the animal had been tenderly cared for, and an appeal is being made to an animal society to help to put the pony and West on their feet. It is rare that carmen work lame horses out of indifference—but employers do. It is the men who profit by a dumb animal's pain who must be brought to court, not their servants!

Avoiding the Obvious.

No one seriously expects Whitehall to do the obviously common-sense thing; hence the muddle so far as traffic signals is concerned. The code of signals that obtains in Chesterfield is different from that in Brighton, and both from that in Sheffield. But the motorist is supposed to know 'em all; if he doesn't—ignorance of the law is no excuse. Dare we hint to the Ministry of Transport that it might clarify the matter if a national code is invented and adopted? We don't expect the Ministry to think of these things themselves!

Glittering Words.

The Agent-General for Quebec announces from his London office the discovery of what may prove to be the first gold mine in North-Western Quebec. Don't rush for the boat! Gold finds are the best aids to emigration ever. The men who rush in stay—because they rarely dig enough nuggets up to raise the fare home!

Bang Goes £7,000.

The Southport Corporation are to be asked to sanction the expenditure of £7,000 towards the cost of a three days' floral fete and horse-leaping competition. Doubtless these will attract some extra visitors to the town, but they will not do much to help the workless, which should be the first care of the Corporation.

That Cursed Word!

Municipal economy is a virtue too rarely practised; but at Nottingham it is becoming a vice. Even the tram conductors are forced to work in these arctic days with no overcoat—unless they provide their own. We feel sure that no Nottingham ratepayer would desire to save money at the expense of the health of these public servants. Strange how often official "economy" is at the expense of the worker!

Innocent until Proved Guilty.

It is now time that some amendment was made in the law so that innocent men are not imprisoned with impunity. As the law now stands a perfectly guiltless man can be remanded for weeks while the police prosecute their enquiries which, ultimately, only serve to prove the man's innocence. In cases such as this some appropriate "surety!" system—within reach of all—should be devised and applied.

Problems of Life.

MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IT is sometimes said that the ancient Christmas spirit is passing, that the festival no longer exercises the spell over the imaginations of young and old that it used to do, and that the family gatherings for which it was once the supreme occasion are being replaced by other and more promiscuous attractions.

That some change in the manner of keeping Christmas is observable must, I think, be admitted, but it does not imply that we are any less susceptible to the real meaning of the institution.

It stands for the birth of divine life in human conditions, the light of heaven breaking through into the darkness of earth.

This is why the Christmas season is above all else the season of goodwill, of feelings of kindness and social sympathy, of friendly joys and generous helpfulness.

It is a time when the best in us has special opportunity of coming to the top, of finding unhindered expression in an atmosphere of love.

We are glad to get away from the hard work-a-day world, if only for this one day in the year, and abandon ourselves to the influence of unrestrained good-fellowship.

We are always better for it if we can succeed in maintaining the celebration on its right level.

Never let us forget what it sprang from—the conviction of a few humble people ages ago that in the person of one little child, born in a stable and cradled in a manger, the world above, the world of eternal perfection, had invaded ours and would in the end clear all pain and sorrow out of human hearts and make earth like heaven.

It is this winsome belief that gives to Christmastide its tender and sacred associations.

And it is the most precious hope known to mankind to-day.

Hats Off To——?

Some weeks ago we criticised the methods of the London Hat Company, several readers having complained to us about delay in obtaining goods and failure to get money refunded. The Company have in consequence set their house in order by increasing their staff and speeding up their work. They promise that anyone who now orders a hat will get it promptly, and anyone who is dissatisfied will be sure of having her money back. So that's that!

An Insult to Parenthood.

Thos. Gill and Co., 4, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C., describe themselves as Importers and Manufacturers of Surgical Goods, which is but another way of saying that they deal in contraceptives. Their objectionable method of soliciting orders is to circularise parents whose names and addresses appear in the birth announcements in newspapers. A nice thing for young married couples to receive soon after the arrival of their first-born! We are not surprised that a reader thus insulted calls them "dirty swine."

A Sweep Swindle.

Beware of a crook calling himself Hardy who is perambulating the country soliciting subscriptions to sweepstakes purporting to be organised by "The Folley Club," 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C. He recently obtained £4 from a Midland shopkeeper to whom he introduced himself by inquiring for a mythical person to whom he said he had to pay a large prize. The address given in Fleet Street is an unoccupied shop which has been in the hands of the builders for some time past.

Chase Me, Charlie!

Charles Eversley, the mysterious person who posed as the liquidator of an estate for a family of young orphans, disappeared from his address in Manchester Square, London, soon after our exposure of his attempts to obtain money by offers of shares in well-known concerns. As he had paid three months' rent in advance and stayed only a few days, we are justified in assuming that the unexpected publicity given to his extraordinary scheme in JOHN BULL had more than a little to do with his hurried departure.

Asking too Much.

A girl reader who answered an advertisement for a bookkeeper at £2 5s. a week was accorded an interview at an employment agency in the West End of London, where, to her amazement, she was told that if she secured the appointment she would be expected to pay them a fee of 2s. 6d., the whole of her first week's salary, and five per cent. of her first year's earnings. This is about the most exorbitant demand we have ever heard of. A little more, and one would imagine they intended to do the work themselves.

"If You See It In JOHN BULL——"

That preposterous scheme of snowball insurance staged some time ago by a concern called Prosperity, Limited, which was attacked in these columns, has now come to an end and is in the process of liquidation. Although those who launched it were undoubtedly prompted by good intentions, the failure was obvious to us from the start, the scheme being nothing less than a gigantic financial absurdity. Heavy losses are likely to be associated with this ill-starred venture, and the investing public should take warning from the collapse.

Caudle's Curtain.

We notice that Francis Samuel Caudle, the psalm-singing humbug whose disgraceful conduct in connection with the Industrial House Purchase Society, Ltd., we have repeatedly exposed, is now carrying on business from an address in Bristol as F. S. Caudle and Co., Building Contractors, Decorators, Estate Agents, Surveyors and Valuers. Under this curtain he is, according to his own declaration, "doing well in Bristol and extending to the North, South Wales, etc." We hope the Public Prosecutor has not forgotten this smug schemer's frauds with his phantom House Society.

Shadows in the Dark

IS there never to be an end to the soulless and heartless handling of the interests of the dependents of dead heroes by the well-paid bureaucrats of the Pension Ministry?

A terrible case in point is that of Mrs. Salome Payton, bound over at Birmingham Assizes by Judge Acton recently when she was charged with the attempted murder of her son.

Mrs. Payton is the widow of a machine gunner killed in the war. She was granted a permanent pension of £2 8s., with an additional ten shillings for her son. Gossip among neighbours, connecting her name with that of a man friend, was carried to the local Pensions Ministry officials, and after two interviews with Dame Ethel Shakespear, acting for the Pensions authorities, her pension was taken away.

The woman denied the charge, as did the man, but it is alleged that "her statements were very contradictory." So it seems that when a poor woman faced with a not too clear charge has not all her wits about her, she is to be held guilty of immorality.

"Reduced to destitution," as the judge said, "fighting shadows in the dark," this poor woman, who (to quote the judge again), "did not know who had raised the allegations or even what the allegations were," gave a mixture of salts of lemon and oxalic acid to her son, but immediately repenting of her mad act called in the police, and the boy's life was saved.

Now it is open to question whether the obligation to pay pensions is not a contract with the dead heroes that cannot be nullified by any acts of their dependents, and though it may be right to take away the pension where the widow is flagrantly leading a life of shame, it is intolerable that the Pensions Ministry minions should be set over the widow and the orphan as censors of morals.

In any case it is monstrous that mere tittle-tattle of neighbours should suffice to deprive any woman of her pension and reduce her to the state of despair that prompted the crime charged against Mrs. Payton. The judge who bound her over stated expressly that this poor woman had been "deprived of her pension on vague allegations," and added that "no one could meet charges made behind their backs and of the sources of which they were ignorant."

Not content with driving the unhappy woman to despair by this shameful treatment, the Birmingham Pensions authorities stopped also the pension of the boy. Nobody seems to know why it was done, but the after-thought excuse is that the Ministry did not know his address.

As a matter of fact this excuse will not hold, for his address has been at the disposal of the Ministry for the past four months, yet to the surprise of the judge he had not up to the time of the trial received a penny. Having stated the facts of this scandalous case, we demand a full inquiry, and immediate action to humanise the administration of pensions.

"Put-and-take" at the Treasury

WEIRD and wonderful are the ways of Whitehall. Government officials do not believe in letting their right hand know what their left is doing, but here is a case where both hands came together for once—in somebody's pocket!

"HOW much do I owe the Government," will be a question every officer and ex-officer of the Navy, Army and Air Force may feel constrained to ask as a consequence of legal proceedings which the Treasury have instituted against a Major of the Air Force, who has unwittingly become a victim of Whitehall's red tape and negligence.

The story makes pretty reading—or would did it not indicate only too clearly how public funds, instead of being regarded as a sacred trust, are simply the counters in a game which is played with an astonishing lack of skill.

During the early stages of the late war, Major K. Secretan served with the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. He received an allotment of £15 per month which, he understood, would cease when on March 31, 1918, he was transferred to the R.A.F.

Strangely enough, however, it was continued; and so Major Secretan applied to the Accountant General of the Navy to restrain his benevolence. His request was sent in on March 19, 1919. Nothing happened, so on June 4 it was repeated.

It would seem that once the Navy embarks on an enterprise nothing can stop it.

Despite Major Secretan's requests that the non-stop payments should be discontinued, they were placed to his credit at his bank until July 31, 1919, by which time the sum of £240 had been overpaid.

Nothing further occurred until February 14, 1920, when the Accountant-General of the Navy suddenly discovered that he had failed to dictate a reply or acknowledgment to Major Secretan's request of March, 1919. After the elapse of eleven months he did so, and took that opportunity of demanding a return of the full amount, which, he then claimed, had been inadvertently and wrongly paid.

But on March 30, 1919, the one to be so generously treated was demobilised, and before drawing his gratuity had written to his bankers, requesting them, in their capacity as Government Agents, to make sure that any amounts due from him to the Admiralty in respect of overpayments should be deducted from his final settlement.

In due course he received his Clearance Certificate, and assumed that he neither owed nor was owed anything. All appeared to be well.

False hope! On August 26, 1919, the Navy discharged a broadside into their late servant, this taking the form of a communication demanding a refund of £240, said to be allotment over-paid. This communication is interesting from a public point of view, in that it was a stereotyped circular letter with necessary particulars filled in with ink—indicative of the fact that Major Secretan was not the only one to have been the recipient of a negligent benevolence.

Apart from various repetitions of the demand for a refund, the plot did not thicken till April 20, 1921, the matter was passed on to the Treasury Solicitor who applied for the return of £165, and as this was not forthcoming by May 2, took an austere view of the situation, threatening legal proceedings if the affair was not adjusted within seven days.

At this point the whole thing appears to have been pigeon-holed till September 26, 1922, when £165 had again swollen to £240, which amount was to be handed over by October 3.

Major Secretan, still believing that his point of view was the right one, and that his Clearance Certificate had been prepared in full official knowledge that the amount said to have been overpaid had been taken into consideration, let the fatal October 3 slip away, and so it came to pass that on October 25 his solicitors accepted service of the writ on his behalf.

Months roll by, as months have a habit of doing. Nothing of a drastic nature takes place until, a few days ago, the Treasury takes down from its shelves a dusty, cobwebbed book containing the story of the wild, wicked, wasteful Major. The old sore is reopened, and once again the process of stupid muddle is pursued, and with some venom, it seems, for now Major Secretan is informed that Bankruptcy proceedings are being instituted against him in respect of £240, showered upon him in monthly cloud-bursts of £15, pressed into his purse against his will, his protests being of no avail.

It is for the public to decide whether its money shall be at the disposal of officials who play "put-and-take" with it.

If Government Departments adopt a system of book-keeping which is so inscrutably and amazingly complex that no one can possibly know what is happening, then surely the officials responsible for such a system should be deprived of the privilege of acting the part of inquisitors when the inevitable happens, and a pretty mess results.

We wonder how many more ex-officers have been subjected to the same disgraceful persecution.

A Little Bit of Scotch

GORDON and Stuart are both good names with a flavour of Scottish solidity that may be thought quite reassuring. It is the name of a firm called Gordon Stuart and Co., 6, Great Russell Street, W.C. (established 14 years). Here they carried on the business of Football and Turf Accountants. In reply to enquiries as to their genuineness, they used to say that people could obtain the necessary references from their Bankers, Barclays Limited.

We have received a large number of complaints from people who say that this firm owes them money and does not pay it. We are unable to go into the merits of the claims for the simple reason that when we wrote to the firm asking for their observations on some of these complaints, our letters were returned marked "gone away."

If they have opened a new office they ought at least to have made arrangements with their creditors as to the settlement of their debts, otherwise there is no other word for their conduct but highly unsatisfactory—references or no references.

It is the policy of JOHN BULL, in the interests of sport and fair dealing, to expose people who show such indifference to the claims of their clients. At the same time, while this sort of thing is going on all over the country, it is only fair to state that reputable bookmakers are not without difficulties of their own, and lose considerable money in bad debts. A well-known firm of bookmakers in the West End of London had an account with a Sheffield client, who appears to have had a series of winning weeks, for which he was paid. The sums were fairly considerable. Then he had a losing week in which he was twenty-five pounds out. This was a small amount compared to his winnings. But he did not pay. He wrote to explain that he had just taken over a licensed business and asked that his account should stand over, and that he should be allowed to continue business with the firm.

The firm promptly instructed their solicitor to recover the money. The defendant pleaded the Gaming Act, and the bookmaker had to give up the case and pay the costs of the solicitors for the defendant in addition to losing the money which he claimed.

It is not a criminal offence to plead the Gaming Act, but everybody knows that this Act covers a multitude of transactions that no one can describe as showing a sporting spirit.

It gives the unscrupulous bookmakers a grievance which they exploit by dodging their obligations and bringing into discredit one of the predominant branches of sport in this country.

We shall watch Gordon Stuart and Company. Their name is a further addition to our long list of bookies who don't pay.

Our Challenge to Australia House

STRAIGHT from the shoulder we address the following remarks to Sir Joseph Cook, High Commissioner of Australia, regarding the scandal of emigration. And we await Sir Joseph's reply with considerable interest—as will the many poor fellows who have suffered.

WE have repeatedly asked Sir Joseph Cook to set Australia House in order, and, in the interest of two great peoples, to put an end to its deplorable emigration blunders. No answer has been vouchsafed to our criticisms, but in his entourage the suggestion has been made that our criticisms are without foundation, and the absence of official Australian advertisments in our columns has been pointed to as perhaps explaining the vehemence of our indignation.

We do not suggest that Sir Joseph himself is guilty of talking such pernicious nonsense. An Australian newspaper says plainly that Australia House should be instructed that Australia has been aroused to the danger of the creation of emigration officials, and be informed that their migration would be regarded with favour. It says that the responsiblity is Sir Joseph Cook's, and that if he fails in it the Government must either remove him or be removed.

In the Australian House of Representatives, Mr. Cunningham created manifest alarm by an exposure of the fate of emigrants landed from the *Ballarat* and *Berrima*. Mr. Maxwell, a Victorian Nationalist, said the situation badly needed investigation.

We quote these facts to show Sir Joseph Cook that he cannot succeed in an ostrich policy of silence when his administration is being drastically criticised by a great national paper like JOHN BULL. The resources of civilisation do not end at Australia House.

Mr. Dooly, the Labour Premier of New South Wales, has publicly deplored the issue of glowing but misleading literature, and urges that prospective immigrants should be told plainly what to expect. Senator John Barnes cabled to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald that Australia is overrun with unemployed, and immigrants mostly find themselves on relief rations.

The case of Willie Croft, of 18, Chapel Street, Leeds, stranded this summer in Fremantle, is another which illustrates this danger. This ex-soldier emigrant went out on an assisted passage, and wrote home that he was tramping the roads without money, and had no working clothes, as he had to sell them to get food. His father could not even write to him, as the poor tramp had no address.

The *Sydney Truth* states that in the public parks of Melbourne a great, gaunt and starving army of the unemployed are to be found lying at night under the trees, some wrapped in their old rags, others in old newspapers. Often a man's body is found floating in the river.

Muddledom at Australia House continues. Let us take one of the many cases before us, that of Mr. John Warrington, 7, Barratt's Buildings, Hoxton, London, N.1. Falling out of work in June, he applied for an assisted passage to Western Australia.

Australia House very kindly arranged this for him. He passed the preliminary stages and was duly notified to attend the official doctor. He did so, and, with his wife and five children, passed the examination, which cost him twenty-six shillings.

Everything began to look rosy. His sailing ticket came along, a number of other documents, and a letter introducing him for employment to an official in Western Australia. Further, he was told to be ready with his wife and family to sail from Tilbury on the s.s. *Demosthenes* on December 5, 1923, on which vessel his berths were allotted.

He got ready to sail, sold up his home, and purchased trunks and other necessary articles for his long voyage to the Land of Promise. Then Australia House burst its bomb-shell. Warrington got a letter from the shipping authorities which said: "We regret to advise you that the Australian Government have cancelled your case, and we therefore return your reference herewith."

That was all. Twenty brief, cold, harsh words, typewritten and posted just a week before the little family was due to sail. And when the disillusioned man went to Australia House for an explanation the officials would not give him any.

To-day he is out of work, broken by this disgraceful treatment, another example of the havoc wrought by the department presided over by the gentleman whom Australian newspapers call Sir "Joke" Cook.

And what of the scores of down-and-out Australians living in English workhouses and model lodging-houses, tramping the streets, some of them in jail, beaten here in the struggle for employment, and unable to get home? Australia House takes out people who don't know Australia, and leaves Australians who do to starve in English garrets and drift into crime in order to get food.

These men are mostly ex-soldiers. Australia House suggests that they do not exist in anything like important numbers.

We say they do. And, if necessary, we are prepared to prove it. We will bring them from the slums in London and the provinces, and queue them up at Australia House.

We hope it will not be necessary, and ask the people of Australia to save their great Dominion from such a humiliation, and to save Sir Joseph Cook from himself.

Where is "Posh" Patsy?

WE warned the police months ago that "Posh" Pasty, the notorious international crook, had arrived in London, and that in all probability he would carry on his depredations here on a larger scale, with the old tricks of which he is the acknowledged master.

Our caution received quite a surprising endorsement. Since "Posh" Patsy began his major operations here at the beginning of the year, he has brought off something like two dozen coups, the net haul amounting to about fifteen thousand pounds. It is a public scandal that a thief of this type can, by impudent devices, earn an income larger than a brace of Cabinet ministers.

When we first began to reveal the amazing activities of Patsy and his chief subordinates, we were, from the point of view of Scotland Yard, merely a voice crying in the wilderness. But we had the gratification to see that the police began to get busy. They arrested, first of all, Daniel Melaney, also an Irish Australian, a notorious jail-bird from "down under," who was Patsy's bosom companion and aide-de-camp. Known to his associates as "Prince Dan," he was sentenced the other day to three years' penal servitude.

Then Captain Biggar, or "Peg-Leg Smith," fell into the hands of the police. He got ten months, and when he comes out he will have to walk warily, for the police have an account to settle with him in Paris and New York.

A few days ago another was captured in the person of James Ford, who also has a long string of convictions in Australia, and was another very important member of the "Posh" Patsy gang. He got three years. Finally they laid by the heels Henry Dunbar, also an importation from Australia, well documented with convictions, who has been put away for the better part of two years.

But while Patsy's gang has been thus largely broken up, he himself is still at liberty, looking for new confederates and fresh victims. The comforting theory is being spread that he is no longer a menace to us, as he has departed for Monte Carlo. This is not true. Some undesirable characters have left this country for the South of France, but "Posh" Patsy is not amongst them. He is frequently to be seen in the flash haunts of the West End.

We do not think we ought again to have to ask plainly for the arrest of this super rascal. It may help the police to get on his track if we tell them that he masquerades not only as "Posh" Patsy, but as John Garvey, Baker-Thomas, Martyn, Terence Hogan, Patrick O'Farrell, Father Quinn, "Lord Seley," Martin O'Riley and Andrew Robinson.

To one or other of these names he answers in the night clubs and hotels of the West End. The proper place for him to answer to them is at Bow Street.

Silence is Golden

"CUSHY jobs are not going every day," says a notable authority. We agree. And we have to add that the notable authority is Mr. F. Godfrey, of 81, Ranelagh Road, Pimlico, London, S.W.

Mr. Godfrey had one to give away the other day. It seemed quite a nice job, for the advertisement said "£4 weekly—cashier, entertainment tour; £50 security: money under own control: golden opportunity: £1 rise Christmas."

Certainly Mr. Godfrey cannot be accused of using the language of exaggeration when he called this a "cushy job." There are very few people who get positions offered to them with the promise of a rise of 25 per cent. within two months.

Mr. Clifford Turner, of 66, Birch Avenue, Hollins, Oldham, pondered this alluring advertisement, and then replied to it, asking for further particulars, and stating that he would be quite prepared to pay £50 security if his services were accepted.

In reply he got not one letter, but two, from Mr. Godfrey. They were not on any printed notepaper, but were written without overwhelming literary distinction. The first stated that the duties were not hard, the main thing being to be punctual and honest, take the money, and write a few letters every day. A postcript observed that there was another main thing, which was that "If you haven't your fifty close at hand send me a small deposit, etc., or if you prefer it wire some money."

The second letter, which was a letter card, stated that, if only two or three pounds were wired that would bind the agreement, and mentioned that if the applicant wanted his wife to come away, her fares could be arranged without any expense. "But of course," Mr. Godfrey tactfully and thoughtfully went on "that doesn't matter if you do not want or wish it."

Mr. Turner did not want or wish it, neither did he want nor wish to part with his fifty pounds. A few days later he got a postcard stating that the position had been saved for him, and his fare for an appointment would be allowed.

He preferred, however, to save himself the trouble of a journey for a job the particulars of which did not impress him. He passed a week without anxiety, when he received another postcard in the same handwriting but not in quite the same considerate terms.

It was addressed "Clifford Turner," the "Esq." having fallen off when the money was not wired. It was unstamped, the courtesy having also fallen off perhaps for the same reason. It was signed "Nuf sed," and gave a slight lecture about courtesy.

Mr. Turner was not satisfied that enough had been said and sent the correspondence to us. We do not propose to say any more except that cushy jobs with cash securities may be "golden opportunities" and "glorious chances," but not always for the applicants.

The Woman in Grey

OUTSIDE, an enterprising shopkeeper signalled: "Take home your kiddies' Christmas toys *now*." Inside, the Westminster Police Court presented the usual melancholy picture — toil-scarred men and women, a flapper or two, a little woman in a grey costume holding a laughing youngster, and a *bijou* battalion of lusty policemen busy doing nothing but look pompously important.

These provided the setting for the drama, the stage being occupied by a prosperous-looking tradesman in the witness-box, the tired-eyed, elderly magistrate, and a young fellow in the dock.

George Stevens pleaded guilty to embezzling his employer's money. His face, flushed with shame, confirmed his guilt. Dark rings under the eyes told the sleepless nights over his wrongdoing. . . . "I have been expecting you," he told the constable who arrested him.

In that sentence was writ the epitaph to the dead hopes of his dead youth. Months, with the shadow of the prison-bars athwart his path; the sparkle taken out of life by the dread fear of that fatal tap on the shoulder; with troubled eyes looking into those of the wife who trusted him; romping with his two children but with a heart that echoed dully with the hollow joy of pretence.

". . . been expecting *you*." Just waiting for the Grip of the Inevitable.

Only the man himself knows the tragedy within the tragedy. "He is a betting maniac," said the prosecuting solicitor. And I noticed the little woman in grey give a sudden start. Even his wife did not know how desperate he had become in trying to keep the bottom plank in their little home.

But there are some who well know of the horror and hopelessness of overwhelming odds. And of the gambler's plunge "to put things straight." Sometimes it comes off. At others—the tap on the shoulder. Very few stop finely to weigh the possible consequences of the desperate remedy for the desperate ill.

Those tired eyes of the magistrate took on a deeper shade of tiredness. He could look back on life—the young fellow in the dock had life to face. And here was a mournful start.

However, duty had to be done: "*You will go to prison for six months.*"

A sob-like gasp came from someone in the public seats.

That wiry figure in the dock gripped the cold iron rail before him: eyelids fluttered, jaw dropped. And then, in a voice that trembled unmanlike: "Please, sir, can I see my wife?"

The man on the bench nodded. The police bundled the lad below. The little woman in grey vanished through another door holding the hand of a chubby youngster.

And outside, the shopkeeper's sign seemed mockingly inappropriate.

Old King Cole Comes Back

COAL has been called the black diamond; and it has certainly made fortunes for many people. Possibly it may make fortunes for many more.

But we are by no means confident that these fortunes will be extracted from the bottom of a couple of shafts that have been sunk at a colliery called Scotwell, near Rowley Regis, Staffs.

It is unfortunate that in this matter we have to disagree with the Alliance Mercantile Association, Limited, of 36, Camomile Street, London, E.C. This financial institution is circulating people and pointing out how well it would be for them to put some money into Scotwell.

It is quite frank. The colliery is not yet working. Some people might suppose that that was all the better, because the resources which it is intended to tap are untouched.

Other people might reflect that in a land which is full of colliery managers and of earnest-minded colliery proprietors, eager to wrest gold in the shape of coal from the bowels of the earth, it is strange that they should have overlooked the lure of Rowley Regis in Staffordshire!

We are unreservedly on the side of the second class of people, in spite of the fact that it has been estimated that the profits to be got out of Scotwell are about £25,000 a year.

According to the file at Somerset House, the Directors are Thomas Stocken, brick manufacturer, of Long Acre, W.C., and Francis da Costa, broker, of East View, Bute Road, Wallington.

The capital of the company is £1,000, and they are seeking money from the public because, obviously, a capital of £1,000 is not enough to run a show that is to make £25,000 a year. Messrs. Stocken and da Costa each subscribed for a one-shilling share in this little private company with its dazzling prospects.

The public which is invited to buy this fortune at the bottom of a couple of shafts, may well wonder why anybody should want to sell a prospective profit of £25,000 per annum.

The prospectus does not tell us how much the anonymous philanthropists are asking for the property that is to bring in £25,000 a year. They are content with "20,000 shares" and a thousand £10 bonds. But we are not told what the value of the shares is. We must put aside the prospectus and go to Somerset House to find that out. And we find they are shilling shares. So that at the bottom of the financial shaft we have thus struck, we find that the vendors are selling their property for £11,000.

It is very handsome of them. We think that they are chucking away a fortune with a gallant gesture, though why they should not mention this generous purchase price in the prospectus we do not know.

Can anybody outside of Bedlam understand why people who have a property that can make £25,000 a year will give it away in return for a paltry £1,100 a year? We don't. And we do not believe that there will be a rush of investors to Scotwell Collieries. We certainly do not advise such a rush.

Our advice to the investing public is to leave this grimy, golden hole in the ground to the vendors and the promoters and the professional financiers. In short: "Don't go down the mine, daddy!"

Night Life Nomads

THE public is very properly concerned with the deplorable failure of the authorities to cope with the people, mostly aliens, who live by running dreadful drinking dens under the guise of clubs.

These places are a festering sore in the life of London, and bring to degradation and ruin thousands of young people who drift into the life of parasites and worse.

Other places, also recognised as clubs, are mere cellar rooms, such as a supposed dancing-saloon just off Shaftesbury Avenue. You can go in there at one o'clock in the morning, paying the porter the nominal sum of half-a-crown. Technically you are supposed to be a member. But there is little scrutiny, and many people go in drink after hours.

The club is a narrow room with a small dance floor at the far end, about as big as a Tube lift. A trio of musicians play there, and collect money from the audience. Drink can be had at any time, the charge for a small whisky and splash being one shilling and sixpence.

A few yards away—this locality is dotted with these undesirable dens—is the place where a disgraceful scene occurred a few nights ago. A crowd of "roughnecks" rushed the place, and, flourishing revolvers, razors and sticks, smashed up the bar, and emptied the till.

This club was established on the ashes of another, which was raided and closed down by the police, and the three proprietors heavily fined. It seems useless to close down clubs if there is no ban on the premises being used again as a club-room.

Drinking dens exist all over London, and some of the worst are in Soho. The aliens who run them have no qualms at supplying drinks after hours to profligates and prostitutes, criminals and ne'er-do-wells.

The Marlborough Street police have for some time been raiding a good many of these places with exemplary zeal. But it is not very stimulating to them to find that the people who keep the clubs have no trouble in paying the fines and can then start all over again.

The other day, Siliro Galli, described as Secretary of the Royalty Club, Dean Street, Soho, was fined £120 for supplying liquor without a licence after hours, and for permitting dancing. This man is free to open another club on the same lines somewhere else, and the police cannot stop him in the present state of the law.

Is this the proper way to protect the public and support the police?

Nemesis Overtakes a Brute

A FEW weeks ago we urged the people of Canada to protest with us against the absurd decision of Magistrate Fraser, of Brandon, Winnipeg, in a case where a farmer named Goring, and his wife, were charged with neglecting a little girl named Laura Elman.

This poor child, motherless and alone, was working on Goring's farm, where she was told she would find comfort and happiness. It was not true. She was subjected to inhuman treatment of a kind that has been rarely known in England.

She was maimed and tortured, driven out into the snow almost naked to get water for the monsters who were treating her as a slave. Under these awful conditions she developed an ulcerated tongue, her body became shockingly emaciated, her little finger and the first finger of her right hand partly perished, and her toes fell off as a direct result of frost-bite.

When the farmer and his wife were brought before Magistrate Fraser, and the awful facts revealed, he very severely censured them. "It is a pitiable sight to see this child here," he said, "and to know that by such neglect she will suffer for the rest of her life. It's too bad!" Then he allowed them to go scot-free.

We also thought that it was too bad. And knowing the good will which exists between the people of Canada and this country, we respectfully told them that they could not allow this monstrous miscarriage of justice to stand. The people of Canada heard us, and have answered.

Before us as we write is a letter from a member of the Brandon Council of Women. It tells us that the Brandon people were incensed over the magistrate's decision, and approached the Attorney-General at Ottawa with a request that he should examine the real evidence. He did. Another magistrate was brought in, and Goring and his wife were tried under the criminal code.

Goring has gone to jail for six months, and his wife has been sent to a home for a year. Laura is now in good hands, and will be able to entertain her friends to "her very own" Christmas tea-parties.

The Tragedy of Easy Street

by ROBERT HOLMES

(Author of "Them That Fall," etc.)

THE majority of matrimonial quarrels arise from the failure of young wives to fit themselves for the responsibility of marriage. Easy Street is a thoroughfare crowded with beautiful girls who prefer diamonds to domesticity, motor-cars to "monotony." They walk through life in ballroom slippers, but are never really contented. Sometimes they remember that it is Cinderella's story that ends happily.

NO other sight that it falls to my lot to witness affects me half as much as that of a large gathering of little girls. As often as I see before me a multitude of eager, upturned faces, as yet unlined by sin or sorrow or anguish, I seem to hear afresh the words of One Who, alone and perfectly, knew what like come to dwell where we would all be by and by: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Nor am I by any means alone in this experience. Many men who have reached middle age or passed it are conscious that if they are to come to a better land it will be largely through the leading of a little child.

* * *

AND surely this is only a development of that reverence for infants present with us when we were ourselves little more than children. To me it is always touching when a ragged boy of ten or twelve brings to my office a baby sister or a neighbour's little girl. The pride and devotion and tenderness written on the lad's face are most appealing.

Moreover, this reverence follows on through childhood to girlhood, and through girlhood to womanhood, unless by their own conduct girls forfeit men's esteem. I say nothing of objects here and there capable of descending to unmentionable enormities. The number of beasts in the guise of men is about the same as the number of angels. It is not great. The age we live in is no less chivalrous than the best we have left behind. If anything, men reverence women more to-day than at any other period of the world's history.

* * *

I DO not say that present-day chivalry is of the spectacular order. Many scores of illustrations which I could furnish have come to light by accident. For example, there is that friend of mine, a labouring man thirty years old, who takes pleasure and pride in supporting the bed-ridden, widowed mother of the girl he looked to marry, but whom consumption took away.

For three years he has found work scarce and ill paid. The poorest of boots and clothing have had to serve, while often he has gone penniless from one pay day to the next after discharging the obligation he assumed out of affection for a sweetheart "lost awhile." Only a commonplace working man, he is a right gallant knight for all that. And there are many like him.

* * *

THOUGH I never knew his waiting love, I make no doubt that had she remained here she would have proved herself a wife fully deserving every atom of his devotion. The average girl is still worthy of the best that man can offer. But I confess I am concerned about a growing number outside the average, who seem disposed to scorn the sceptre which men would place in their hands.

In the turmoil of modern life men have more need than ever for the encouraging touch of womanly help and sympathy. It would be blessing unspeakable if every girl would set herself to develop the priceless gifts wherewith Nature has endowed her.

The task may appear homely and unromantic. But in the long run it would pay handsomely to aim at qualifying to become a help-meet (that is, suitable) for the man of her choice.

A road by all means to be avoided is Easy Street. A pretty face and a simpering manner may win a man's passing fancy, but unless a girl possesses more solid attractions she can hardly hope to hold her conquest long. Outside a novel it is next to impossible for an idle, vain, incompetent wife to avoid becoming a burden both to herself and her husband.

* * *

A QUARTER of a century's experience of police courts makes it plain to me that the majority of matrimonial quarrels arise primarily out of the failure of young wives to fit themselves for the responsibilities of matrimony.

Moreover, there is grave danger that a girl who trusts merely to superficial attractions will never become a wife at all. One can understand an inexperienced girl falling into the error of imagining Easy Street to lead to endless pleasure. But what shall we say of parents who encourage such folly?

I am thinking of a manufacturer in a small way who, with his wife, displayed such insane pride in an only child, undoubtedly a lovely girl, as to teach her to regard it as unbecoming to perform the lightest household duty, to say nothing of going out to earn a living. Though finding the utmost difficulty to make ends meet on a scanty income, they dressed her in the height of fashion.

* * *

EVERY afternoon and evening found her at kinema or dance, while often her mother toiled far into the night to make or remake garments to gratify her vanity. At seventeen they ought to have realised that she was on a dangerous road. Coming in one night she complained bitterly that a dancing-master had insulted her, and the father went off in a rage to interview the man, who explained what had really happened. Seeing the girl disposed to take too much notice of a male creature whom he would have shuddered to see near a daughter of his own, the dancing-master had put her in a taxi-cab and asked the driver to take her home. Instead of thanking this good fellow, the father told him to mind his own business for the future—his daughter knew how to take care of herself—there was no occasion for him to interfere. So what might have been helpful warning went unheeded.

Within twelve months the girl was turning up her nose at garments which her mother made or purchased. Something grander could be had for the asking, as was proved by the expensive presents she began bringing home. Not so sure now of her ability to take care of herself as he had lately pretended, the father joined the mother in warnings and remonstrances not always temperately expressed. They had waited too long. Their girl was in the grip of a beast from whose fascination she found it impossible to escape.

Mr. ROBERT HOLMES,
The Famous Police Court Missionary.

The beast listening to her tearful story of parental unkindness, and offering to make her a home, she went under his protection for a year; after which he discarded her, so that she must return to parents soured by disgrace, bearing her nameless baby with her.

* * *

TOO many similar stories cry to be told that parents and girls alike may realise the danger which accompanies an idle life and the casting off of that modesty which is at once a maiden's natural protection and her chiefest charm. One more only, and I have done.

* * *

A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD girl, the extremely pretty daughter of a widow who earned the family living in a hotel kitchen, was offered a chance in life by the sympathetic couple who managed the hotel. The plan was to train her as a waitress, but it took much longer to work out than it should have done. The girl proved so surprisingly idle and incompetent that only people bent on making a woman of her would have persevered with her tuition. Their patience so far rewarded as to render it possible to introduce her to the dining-room, her mentors instantly regretted the step. Her interest in her duties was of the slightest. She thought only of attracting men's admiration.

In vain the manageress talked to her like a wise mother; in vain the manager sought to confine her activities to tables occupied by elderly people; nothing could induce her to refrain from making herself cheap with a group of well-to-do young men who dined at the hotel day by day—nothing, that is, save removal to a room reserved for ladies only. Whereupon she pouted, sulked and finally handed in her notice to leave.

* * *

PARENTS themselves, the manager and his wife, refused to let her go, and for a while believed that they had talked her out of her folly. Then it came to their ears that flirtations which they had stopped on the premises were being continued in places of public entertainment outside as often as the girl had a night off duty; so it seemed desirable to talk frankly to her mother.

To their amazement the mother proved more unreasonable than the girl herself. She did not see why her child's chance of a husband in a better station than her own should be marred by their jealousy, she said: if they could not do without spying on the girl perpetually they had better let her go—a course which certain happenings presently compelled them to adopt.

* * *

OH, the wretchedness of the lives of girls on the streets, whose company she joined at twenty years old! The story of some I have known wrings the heart. To stand by their beds in the Lock ward of some hospital is to pray for a merciful end.

* * *

AND the tragedy that, but for making themselves cheap in the eyes of men whose instinct would otherwise have been to treat them with that chivalry which is woman's due, most of these girls might have lived out their lives in purity and honour

Robert Holmes

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To Rt. Hon. Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS, P.C., Postmaster-General.

SIR,—There is no excuse, even if there is an explanation, for the stupid rule that the Post Office shall not supply call-office signs to public-houses which have telephones installed. The mere fact that this prohibition does not apply to the residential hotels does nothing but aggravate stupidity into snobbery. In view of the fact that the public-houses are, in the main, perfectly respectable, so much so, in fact, that they are licensed by the State, can you not divorce your department from musty Victorian ideas? JOHN BULL.

To INGLEBY ODDIE, Esq., Coroner, London.

SIR,—Your remarks at a recent inquest call for comment. A poor unemployed chap committed suicide, and you made use of the sad affair to preach a sermon to other down-and-outs. Forgetting the tenets of both the Church and the law, you held upon this self-destruction as an object-lesson to other "unscrupulous persons who prefer to be idle on the dole," and praised the dead man as a "true Englishman." These remarks of yours are highly objectionable. Ninety per cent. of the unemployed would start work to-day if they could, but instead they have to display the courage of "true Englishmen," by fighting despair rather than give in to it. JOHN BULL.

To Coastguards BORTHRAM and CHAMBERS, Beachy Head.

GALLANT LADS,—When you were informed that a woman was lying on a ledge in a dangerous position on the face of the cliff, you voluntarily risked your lives by climbing a couple of hundred feet to succour her if she were still alive or recover her body if she were dead. Unfortunately the latter proved to be the case, but that does not diminish the gallantry of your conduct. Yet they talk of abolishing the Coastguards! I am proud of you, and hope you may both have a glass with something good in it this Xmas. JOHN BULL.

To Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, United Service Fund.

MY LORD,—Ex-Service men in general will not be very pleased to hear that the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies has just had some very unpleasant things to say in regard to certain ex-Service men's clubs registered under the auspices of your Fund. Grants were made to most of them from moneys amassed in the Expeditionary Canteens, and it is difficult to know why no real explanation can be given as to how the grants have been spent. To take one particular case, a grant of £1,500 for erecting a club had been all but dissipated in beer. I think you ought to give this matter attention. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. JUSTICE BRANSON, Royal Courts of Justice.

MY LORD,—I am not surprised that tears filled your eyes and cries of horror were forced from the jury at Manchester Assizes as the story of the terrible crime of John Whalley was told. It is impossible to imagine anything more diabolical than this inhuman wretch's fiendish attempt to avenge himself upon his wife by cutting off the hands of his five-year-old daughter, and you did the only thing possible in sentencing the monster to penal servitude for life. JOHN BULL.

To GEORGE GREEN, Esq., J.P., Chairman, Norwich Police Court.

SIR,—You appear to have been responsible for a very harsh decision in the case of a youth named William Wolton, whom you described as a vicious bully and sentenced to a month's hard labour for assaulting two other youths. Are you aware that far from being a vicious bully, the lad has the reputation among his workmates and neighbours of being of a very quiet disposition, and that he only used his fists because of unpleasant remarks which were made while he was with his sweetheart? Even if it were not so, I can find no justification for such severity in dealing with a first offence. JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE SANTA: 'You are remanded for a week!"

To the SECRETARY, The Star and Garter Home.

SIR,—We are receiving a number of enquiries as to the ultimate disposal of the £22,000 raised by the Navy League for a memorial to Jack Cornwell and passed to your Committee through the Red Cross. Influential people who worked hard in 1916 to swell the Star and Garter Home's original fund are amazed to find from our recent article that this much-boomed service home has not yet been opened. What has been done, with this £22,000 ear-marked Jack Cornwell? JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. A. E. B. LISTER, Croydon Board of Guardians.

SIR,—You are a man after my own heart. You seconded the sanctioning of the usual allowance of beer on Christmas Day to hospital patients because, as you said, teetotalers could have what they liked, and you felt it was the duty of the Guardians to endeavour to make everybody really happy. That is an eminently sane and seasonable view, and I share your disgust that the Stigginses on the Board vetoed the proposal. May you have a happy Christmas! As for them, may heaven change their hearts! JOHN BULL.

To NORMAN C. KING, Esq., Registrar, General Medical Council.

SIR,—May I appeal to you in the hope that you can do something to bring to light the names and addresses of medical practitioners who are constantly being fined for not attending to patients and for charging improper fees? The doctor concerned is always shielded from publicity. Only the other day two panel doctors were severely dealt with, but no one knows who they are. Why should the doctors be shielded when they have earned the displeasure of their own profession? JOHN BULL.

To J. GRAY, Esq., R.M., Summons Court, Belfast.

SIR,—A youth stood before you on a trifling "Crown and Anchor" charge and, without calling upon him for evidence, you jailed him for a month. No wonder the serjeant gasped. And although your own clerk advised you to give the poor lad a chance, or, at least, to allow him to say something on his own behalf, you adhered to your shameful sentence and bluntly rasped out that he could appeal. He can't, as he has no money and must therefore spend the month in a prison cell. I hope that you are now ashamed of yourself. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. DE MEZA, Chislett Road, West Hampstead.

MADAM,—As matron of a nursing home, you dismissed without notice a night nurse who was so worn out with watching that she fell asleep in her chair at 4 a.m. When she sued you for a month's wages, it came out that she was expected to be on duty 84 hours a week for a miserable pittance of £3 15s. a month. I am not surprised that the Registrar of the County Court gave judgment in her favour, and expressed the opinion that anybody under similar conditions might drop off to sleep. I suggest that you had better set about reorganising your staff. JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN, Mitcham Guardians.

SIR,—Elizabeth Jane Cookson is dead. Her death might have been averted had your Board given the out-relief suggested by her doctor. But the Guardians (what a misnomer!) said the woman would be better in the Poor Law Infirmary. It didn't matter a tinker's cuss that you *hadn't* such an infirmary, and that the nearest is at Wellington. No wonder the jury added a rider that, if Mrs. Cookson had had the relief suggested, her chances of recovery would have been enhanced. You are the servants of the community, not the masters? JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

FIDDLING WHILE ROME BURNS

The Voice of the Child

BECAUSE a woman has misconducted herself in a Divorce Court sense, is she necessarily unfit for the society of her children? This is the question which has been under discussion and has elicited a somewhat unsatisfactory pronouncement from Sir Henry Duke.

We have our own opinion. That there are women whose influence over their children would be morally poisonous is unhappily true, but surely only an inhuman Pharisaism can lay it down that a single act of adultery should enable the Courts to snap the ties between mother and child!

The bonds of Nature are at once stronger and more sacred than those of convention, and a solemn responsibility rests upon those who, except upon clear proof of depravity, would doom an erring mother to eternal exile from the heart of the child.

Much will always depend upon the individual merits of such cases, but it is as well to remember that the law has never denied to a divorced father the right of access to the children, unless it could be proved that his character was so pernicious as to expose them to grave moral risks.

Surely the case is one for the application of that principle of the equality of the sexes now fully recognised in the Law of Divorce. Otherwise women will have a grievance, in denouncing which Dame Nature, that most powerful of feminist agitators, will inevitably be heard.

Stained Panels

ALAS, that so often the defects of the Panel system should engage the attention of coroners. At a Hackney inquest the other day it appeared that a doctor had failed to diagnose advanced tuberculosis in a patient who shortly afterwards dropped dead in the street. Under cross-examination the doctor admitted that he had no record and no recollection of the case which, indeed, was not altogether surprising, seeing that he had 1,400 patients on his panel.

It is this sort of thing which damns the Panel system and earns for it the unqualified hatred of the poor. These large and unwieldy panels, mostly to be found in the poorest districts, make proper treatment and diagnosis impossible, and expose patients to risks whose deadly character has constantly been emphasised in the Coroners' courts.

The National Health Insurance Act was admittedly experimental, and in the light of what has been learned in the course of its twelve years' working, its provisions call for drastic amendment. Here is a chance for the Labour Party to win its spurs.

Antics of our Modern Neros

CHRISTMAS finds Great Britain floundering in the dark. Precious weeks which might have been spent in putting us on our feet were lost in the General Election—the result of which has only added to the chaos.

THE spirit of Christmas is upon us and we have it in our heart to say kind things and to practise good will towards men. Yet there are some other things that must not remain unsaid—even at this season. The unemployed are still unemployed, trade is no better than it was a month ago, the housing situation grows more desperate every day.

The nation owes Mr. Baldwin a deep and unforgivable grudge. The Parliamentary majority he inherited from Mr. Bonar Law was more than sufficient to enable him to govern the country decently and restore it by patient leadership to the paths of peace and prosperity. Instead, he chose for the sake of party advantage to scuttle the ship of State, an electoral fiasco we feared and predicted.

Such is the grim account Mr. Baldwin must settle with his conscience. Meanwhile, the country is left to find its way in the dark. The fiasco continues. It will continue until the opening of Parliament on January 8, when the party squabble will begin all over again, the rival groups and factions manœuvring for position in complete disregard of those questions of urgent public importance which were the excuse for the General Election.

The whole thing is a sickening travesty of representative government. The politicians are tricking the people and at the same time digging their own graves. Next time, make no mistake, there will be a clean sweep of the "old gang."

IT is a mistake for Mr. Baldwin to meet Parliament as Prime Minister. The Conservative Party know full well that they cannot carry on, and the pretence of doing so is a further waste of time. The realities of the situation demand the immediate formation of a new Government which ought at this very moment to be thinking out its policy and getting it into practical shape for presentation to Parliament.

It is a wicked thing that the problem of unemployment, which we were told was to be the first concern of all parties, should be again hung up while the politicians wrangle for salaried places on the Treasury Bench. The situation brooks no trifling. Thousands of people are literally homeless because the politicians, in spite of repeated promises, have failed to tackle the building rings which hold up housing.

Profiteers are everywhere rampant. The people are being robbed right and left. The taxpayer is bled to death. The burden is intolerable. Ways and means *must* be found to lift the crushing load from the shoulders of industry and so enable our manufacturers to compete on more favourable terms with foreigners, thus finding work for the unemployed.

NOT tariffs, not the Capital Levy, but steady retrenchment and a reduction of taxation are needed to save British commerce from destruction and the people from starvation. It is disgraceful that the desperate needs of the people should be ordered to wait "on the mat" while politicians scramble for places and quarrel amongst themselves as to who shall divide the loaves and fishes. The country demands the immediate production of a sane programme of reconstruction which will afford some promise of A Happy New Year.

The next Government will be in effect a Committee of Public Safety in a time of grave social peril. The hour calls for prompt action, not political strategy. There is no time for fiddling while Rome burns.

Where the Money Goes

AMONG the worst of the profiteers are the brewers. Because "the Trade" has powerful interests everywhere very little is heard or read of their doings. We do not fear the brewers any more than we fear any other trust or combine, and we say deliberately that in our judgment Barleycorn and Co. are exploiting the working-classes in a shameful way.

An example is furnished by the returns lately issued by Stretton's Derby Brewery Company, which show a profit for the year of £66,468. With balances from previous years this increment enables the Company to pay its shareholders a bonus of 100 per cent., in addition to its 15 per cent. cash dividend. Faced by such figures, the working man is entitled to ask when he may expect that long-promised penny off the pint.

Nor does the teetotaler succeed in dodging the extortioner. The Star Tea Company this year pays a dividend of 1s. 3d. on its shilling shares, or 125 per cent., its profits amounting to no less than £143,679 as against £137,259 for 1922.

It is this sort of thing that breeds Socialism and provokes that general denunciation of "the capitalist system" so often heard from Labour platforms.

The attainment of such profits on the sale of a necessity of life suggests not simply the possibility but the undeniable justice of the demand for a reduction in price.

Be Fair to the Fairies

WHILE the children prepare to enjoy their pantomimes we older folk may well spare a thought for those who furnish the fun. Cases which we have brought to the notice of our readers have focused the spot-light of publicity upon one of the worst scandals of the stage.

It is not pleasant to think that girls who romp so gaily at these Christmas shows are purchasing the privilege of entertaining us at the price of intolerable hardship, or even in some cases by the sacrifice of honour. Such reflections are apt to take the edge off our pleasure and to make us half ashamed of the laughter which otherwise would be full and free.

Not a word of this to the children, of course, for their Christmas fun must not be spoilt, but it is the business of their elders to insist that the authorities shall take prompt action to put a stop to the scandal of bogus managers.

It ought to be quite a simple matter to ensure that no girl should go into pantomime or any other stage production without a guarantee that her salary shall be paid and her sex treated with decent respect.

David Kirkwood, the stormy Member of Parliament, who might well take the message of this article to his heart.

Is Your Heart All Right?

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

BEFORE the world can be saved, every one must have a Christmas Day in his own heart: he must be born again into a life of unselfish love. There must always be chaos in human affairs so long as people think that hatred and peace can inhabit the same heart.

IN spite of Lenin, mothers in Russia still tell their children about Jesus; and there, in spite of the Red Army, men and women from America and Britain, inspired by Jesus, are every day feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, nursing the sick, cleansing the slaughter-house.

In spite of their national chaos and ruin, half-famished scholars in Germany of the greatest eminence still pore over the documents which tell the story of Jesus; and there, too, in spite of international hatred, men and women from America and Britain, inspired by Jesus, are every day ministering to the wretched and the stricken.

This persisting spell of Jesus is something in the world which no man who values truth will deny, and which no man who loves goodness will be unwilling to acknowledge. It is not so much a religious thing as a human thing. Men can be loyal to their agnosticism or their atheism and still acknowledge it. Jesus is the most interesting person who ever lived—the most perplexing, if you like, but still the most interesting and the most attractive. We feel towards him as we feel towards no other. He haunts us all.

AT the present moment this haunting persuades our thoughts away from the heat and rancour of the late General Election, and sets us thinking about the peace of the world. The Prince of Peace! The herald angels! What a difference it would make to us all if peace existed between the nations! We look abroad and could almost weep for the folly of mankind. Why cannot the nations shake hands and be friends?

But have you ever tried to love an enemy? That is the condition of peace. Do not speak about the Prince of Peace, but *think* about the Price of Peace. You have got to love your enemy. Try it; it's the hardest thing in the world. Or, if you have no enemies, see how difficult this commandment is in the great world outside your own comfortable domestic life. A man says: "I will love the Germans. It is a monstrous thing to charge this new German Republic with the crime of the old German Monarchy. Many German children now suffering were born since 1914.

"WHAT a wicked thing to carry our quarrel with the Hohenzollerns into the nurseries where these poor children pine and moan for food. I will subscribe to the Quakers who are working in Germany. I will raise my voice for peace."

A week later, and what is he saying, this man who has learned to love his enemies? Listen to him: "France must be opposed. Poincaré is the enemy of the human race. Let us denounce him. Let us threaten him. Let us tell the French that they are militarists, seeking domination in Europe, playing the old game of Napoleon, imperilling the whole house of civilisation." He has got rid of one enemy and found another. Before he has really learned to love the Germans, he has contracted a hatred for the French.

Look at the matter on the stage of our own little British Islands. The man who most loudly proclaims his love for the working-classes foams at the mouth when he speaks of the employers. Often the philanthropist who staggers us by his gifts to charity, spends the greater part of his day in sweating the poor or rigging the money-market. The most devoted lover of the Christian Church ascribes every strike, revolution, and war to the machinations of Jews. Newspapers which violently condemn atheism are foremost in stirring up international hatreds. Agitators in Christian England are never out of a job. Everywhere there is a cry for war against this class or that. Where is the man who loves those who disagree with him?

Where is there any sign that the nation is pulling together in generous cheerfulness to increase the prosperity of the whole commonwealth? Think of the hooliganism of the General Election. Remember David Kirkwood's threat of "scenes" in the new Parliament.

COMPARE this chaos of our social and political life with the Christmas toast of Tiny Tim. He said, "God bless Us, Every One!" There were no exceptions. No living creature stood outside the genial warmth of that brave little human heart. His desire for a Christmas blessing on humanity was as wide and generous as innocent love could make it. "God bless Us, Every One!" Remind yourself of the saying that unless grown-up people become as little children they cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. What does that mean? It means that hate and peace cannot live in the same heart. A Father in Heaven; a brotherhood of humanity; love the only conceivable way of approach both to the heart of God and to the heart of our neighbour—there you have the Christ theory of existence, the Christ logic accepted by the philosopher, the slum mother, and the Quakers working in Russia and Germany.

Rousseau said, "Man is born free, but everywhere is in chains." It isn't true. No man is born free. Every child born into this world comes into the host of humanity loaded with the chains of evolution and heredity. The whole glory of the moral life consists in winning spiritual freedom from that animal past. No Act of Parliament can confer it; no new arrangement of the social order can break those chains of evolution.

How is freedom won? It is won by taking our animal instincts and wrenching them clean away from the natural selfishness of the animal, wrenching them clean away from hatred and greed and all coarsening sensuality, away from these, and forcing them in the direction where we can say from our heart, "God bless Us, Every One." There is only one "perfect freedom." It is God's service.

Science calls this act of the individual soul a sublimation of the instincts. Jesus called it a new birth. Whatever we choose to call it, that act of the individual soul remains the one way from chaos to order, from unrest to serenity, from war to peace, from hatred to love. Before the world can be saved Every One must have a Christmas Day in his own soul—a new birth into a life of unselfish love. David Kirkwood must take, not Trotsky, but Tiny Tim for his leader if he would find his way out of the jungle.

IN sober earnest, there is only one election which can make the slightest difference to the happiness of mankind, and that is the election of the individual soul to live as a spirit, not as an animal.

"Old age may be conquered, and it will be possible to change a person's character."

Something to M

Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, the well-known Oxford biologist.

IF I were free to order the post-mortem reward for my virtues, I would choose a periodic awakening from Hamlet's "sleep of death," and a return to earth for a month with a pocketful of money, to see what the others had made of it. To come back for a mundane holiday once every hundred years—wouldn't it be interesting? An express train, puffing steam and smoke, and whizzing through the country at sixty miles an hour would seem to our grandfathers a device of the devil. The taxis and motor-cars, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, the aeroplane, nearly every commonplace of our daily lives, would look like tricks of magic. As for the "broadcasting" of a voice in New York, it would set the old gentlemen, if it were explained to them, howling with one accord for leeches to relieve their cerebral plethora. What wonders, then, would meet our gaze if we were allowed to come back to London life, in one, two, three, four, five centuries? What manner of people, what ways of travel and thought-conveyance, what kinds of houses, what modes of eating and drinking?

For what we call practical science, if you well consider, only began seriously to affect our workaday habits a century ago; and like an avalanche, it gains in gravity and impetus as it moves. The discoveries and appliances of the next hundred years will, in all likelihood, utterly eclipse the marvels of the past hundred. Radium, atomic energy, the mysteries hidden behind the ascertained phenomena of sub-consciousness, telepathy, and spiritualism—what will they bring forth by Anno Domini 2000?

Mr. Haldane, a renowned biologist of Oxford, has just published a little book in which he predicts that fifty years hence, "there will be no more night in our cities," and that "we are working towards a condition when any two persons will be able to be completely present to one another." Professor Low, who from his fireside at Chiswick, can already see the lights turned on and off in his City office, assures us that within twenty

The Sneak Party

by A. G. GARDINER

ARE we at the turning of our political ways? asks Mr. Gardiner. The stalemate caused by the Election confronts us with a situation that must be handled speedily and effectively, and here are presented some suggestions be which the Mother of Parliaments can get over her difficulty.

WE have got a new Parliament, but nobody knows which party will be in office six weeks hence. I say in office, not in power, for no party will be in power in the old sense. For the first time in our history we have a Parliament in which no group of members has a majority of the House, and without a majority no Government can remain in office without the consent of some of its opponents. If Mr. Baldwin stays in he can only stay in, because Mr. Asquith or Mr. MacDonald wants him to stay in. If Mr. MacDonald becomes Prime Minister, he can only remain Prime Minister because Mr. Asquith or Mr. Baldwin desires it. And so with Mr. Asquith.

It is a queer situation. On the face of it, it suggests that nobody will be able to stay in office, that there will be a kind of General Post in which a succession of men will sit for a few days or a few weeks on a rickety chair in Downing Street, and that at the end of a few months we shall all be asked to go off to the polls again and elect another Parliament, only to go through the same farce again.

THIS will never do. It would mean the end of Parliamentary Government. And that would never do. For if Parliament ceases to again function we shall be at the mercy of any adventurer who may snatch at power—revolutionists on one side and militarists on the other, with Rothermere yelping on the mob in the background. We want neither a Lenin nor a Mussolini. The old way is good enough for us. We have always elected our own rulers and when we have grown tired of them we have dismissed them and elected somebody else. That is representative government. It is our greatest contribution to human affairs. It has made us the freest and best governed country in the world. Parliament is the Ark of our Covenant and we must preserve it if we want to preserve our freedom.

HOW is it to be done? One thing is clear. The new fact that has caused this unprecedented situation has come to stay. There are now three Parties in the State instead of two, and it is pretty certain that they will continue to be in such proportions that no one party will have a majority or be able to govern alone. Labour hopes to crush out the Liberals and restore the Two Party position, with Capital and Labour as the antagonists. But this idea is remote and we have to deal with the facts as they are. How is government to be carried on without a party majority?

The first thing, I think, is to stop a flood of elections. We cannot have our national life thrown into disorder every few months by an appeal to the constituencies. That would reduce Parliament to a joke, and a nuisance as well. We must fix the term of the life of a Parliament as they do in France and the United States—three, four or five years as the case may be. Having elected it, we must call upon it to govern somehow to the end of its term. That will compel Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Asquith and Mr. MacDonald, or whoever the leaders may be, to put their heads together and carry on somehow, without running off to the country screaming for help. It will stop the election plague.

In the next place, we must take measures to prevent Government crises, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Asquith kicking one another out one week only to be kicked out themselves the next. At present any trifle is enough to bring down a Government. A mistake by any member of the Government is sufficient to produce a snatch vote in the House that will overthrow a whole Ministry. This is quite a modern growth, and is simply silly. It means that a Government may fall by an accident, by the fact that half a dozen men have lost their way in the fog or have missed a train or don't know that a plot is afoot. This must be stopped. *No Government should resign except on a deliberate vote of want of confidence.* This will prevent the fall of a Government being a sort of lark and compel all parties to consider seriously what they are about.

William T. Cosgrave, President of the Irish Dail, whose elections are decided by Proportional Representation.

THESE things will help to make the Three Party system workable. They will give us a stable Parliament, and they will get rid of the temptation to upset a Government simply on the chance of snatching a victory in the country. But there are other vices which must be cured. I suppose that not less than half, probably more, of the members of the new Parliament have been returned by minority votes—that is, they received less than half the votes polled, the rest being divided between two or more candidates. This is another result of the Three Party system. It is an evil that must be remedied, for we might easily have an entire Parliament elected by a minority of votes, which is absurd.

There are three ways of getting rid of this anomaly—

(1) Proportional Representation, by which large constituencies returning anything from three to a dozen members are created in which the voter votes for as many men as there are seats, those being elected who reach the quota of votes necessary.

(2) The second ballot, by which, if the candidate who receives most votes has not got a majority, the lowest candidate or candidates are eliminated and a second poll between the first and second candidate settles the matter.

(3) The alternative vote, by which you mark your ballot paper (i) for the man you want; (ii) for the next man of your choice, and so on. If the candidate with the most 1's has not a majority, the lowest candidate is eliminated and the 2's on his papers are converted into 1's and added to the other candidates.

ALL these systems are in operation in some country or other. Proportional Representation is the most logical remedy; the second ballot the most troublesome; the alternative or transferable vote the most practical. It is objected that it is confusing to the voter. The average voter is not such a fool as he is taken to be, and if this Parliament does not adopt this reform it will be because some politicians think they can gain more by slipping in with a minority. Keep your eye on those who oppose this reform and vote against them at the next election. Whatever they call themselves, they are the Sneak Party.

Make You Gasp!

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

years an audience at a kinema theatre will be able to see the Derby run at the very moment when the horses are racing at Epsom.

An American experimenter, Mr. Jenkins, hopes that "ere long," London will be able to see what is simultaneously happening in New York. Dr. Fournier d'Albe, a Frenchman living in England, has actually succeeded in transmitting the light of a lamp by wireless over 120 miles, and the landscape between Paris and Bordeaux over a stretch of 325 miles. He foresees the time when a doctor sitting in his consulting-room will talk to his patients and examine their tongues over the telephone, while the patients from their sick beds enjoy the enchantment of the principal boy at the Lyceum pantomime.

Mr. S. R. Lewis of Chicago has issued a "practical plan," with detailed estimates of cost, for putting a town or a residential quarter of it under glass, making a huge conservatory, with equalised heat, constant sunlight, and absolute freedom from rain, snow, fog, smoke, cold, or draughts. He is positive that "the roofing over of streets in metropolitan districts will come quickly," and we may therefore look hopefully forward to tangles of cypress and orange, flourishing in a future glasshouse Boulevard de Whitechapel, what time 'Arry and 'Arriet dance amid the flowers.

The possibilities are positively unlimited. Mr. Haldane's booklet forecasts the total abolition of disease, and it is a fact that within two generations, the advance of medical and sanitary science has added twenty years to the normal length of life. Old age itself may be conquered, and "it may be possible by selective breeding to change character as quickly as institutions."

Why not? The only perceptible difference between the brain of the lowest savage type and that of a Darwin or Shakespeare, is a slight preponderance of bumps and fissures in the cerebral surface.

By a little artful wangling of bumps, fissures, and vocal organs, we may all become as clever as Mr. Ll——d G——rge, and as musical as music-hall serio-comics! Is it a consummation devoutly to be wished? I wonder.

And after we have achieved all these "improvements," when shall we begin to give a little thought to the development of human happiness? Again, I wonder.

CHEAP FOODS ARE FALSE ECONOMY

Would you eat bad food just because it was cheap? No! You know that there is a doctor's bill at the end of improper feeding.

Just so with the dog. Cheap foods are as detrimental to doggy health as table scraps—they sap vitality and weaken the constitution.

There is only *one rational dog food* —Spratt's Meat-Fibrine Dog Cakes or Puppy Biscuits.

Start your dog on Spratt's to-day. See how eager he is for Spratt's —watch how bright and virile he becomes. Large, crisp, wholesome biscuits, they build up doggy health and stamina.

Twice a week give him Spratt's Rodnim Meal, mixed either with broth or gravy. This nourishing, tasty food makes a welcome change of diet.

Make sure that every bag of biscuits that you buy bears the name Spratt's. It is your guarantee of quality. When buying Rodnim make sure that the metal seal is intact.

SPRATT'S
MEAT FIBRINE
DOG CAKES
& PUPPY BISCUITS

What do you want to know about a dog? Send 7d. in Stamps for "The Friend O' Man," the finest book on dogs in the world, giving invaluable information on the care and treatment of dogs, and illustrating 50 breeds.

Write us for free expert advice on any dog matters.

Enquiry Department,

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, 24-5, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

A WEEK or two ago, in writing of Mr. Justice McCardie, I said that the atmosphere of the Law Courts had a most disastrous effect upon people. Some it hardens. Others it weakens. Few get away scathless. The McCardies and Wilds are in a hopeless minority.

The effect of this atmosphere upon Mr. Justice Avory is absolute and electric. His entire personality is metamorphosed as he passes from his sanctum to the Bench. He regards people in court with a different expression, speaks to them in a different voice, looks at them through different eyes. Back there, in his sanctum, they are human beings. Here, in court, they are potential criminals—or, at the very least, potential liars.

WHO would think for a moment that this very polished and polite gentleman could be anything but courteous and charming? So enthusiastic, so full of life, so full of fun! Throws himself heart and soul into whatever he's doing, whether it is hunting or amateur theatricals. (He is, by the way, an excellent actor—has the right face for the stage and is very fond of mumming.) Socially speaking, indeed, he leaves little to be desired. He'll lead in a romp or lead in a talk; and the general consensus of opinion among men is that he's "a sport," among women that he's "a dear."

But oh, that atmosphere! The smile that was so winning, becomes glacial; and the lips, that were so kindly, harden. His aspect is alternately forbidding, frightening, inhuman. Mercy is about the last thing one could expect from that shrivelled-looking, thin-lipped, acid-tongued dispenser of justice. Even his professional brethren are a bit uneasy in his presence (when he is under the influence of "the atmosphere") and they have invented names for him that are rather personal than legal.

HIS professional qualities are considerable. He is certainly the most efficient criminal lawyer on the Bench. His intelligence is quick, supple and adaptable. He sums up people intuitively and arrives at a reasonably accurate view of them before they have been ten minutes under cross-examination. He has a way of seizing on the weak point of a case that is most disconcerting to the party that suffers by it, and he can say more in six words than most judges can say in sixty. He is perhaps at his best in the Court of Criminal Appeal, where his genius for tearing the heart out of an appeal has won him golden opinions from everyone except the appellant.

He plays his part in public with as much zest as he plays it in private. That hardening process to which I have referred has made him a holy horror to occupants of the dock. He believes (erroneously, of course) that he is there to put the wind up criminals—as if their condemnation, to say nothing of their trial, were not punishment enough! And he performs his self-imposed task with a fanatical fervour that might have been fashionable during the Bloody Assizes.

Mr. Justice Avory, who tried the Douglas case.

WITH a touch of the fanatic and a streak of the actor about him, he would make an ideal Public Prosecutor during a period of revolutionary upheaval.

Why Not 365 Christmases a Year?

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

THE great fact about Christmas would appear to be that it "comes but once a year." The boy who enquired why it didn't come twice a week was doubtless told by his elders that "good children should be seen and not heard."

There are persons breathing the breath of life who love to pass for cynics, and for these—if you are to believe them when they speak—the annual advent of the season of joy and good cheer is something of a nuisance. They profess to be "fed" with Christmas. They prefer to regard it as a mere excuse for putting them to unthinkable expense and inconvenience. They profess to prefer Shrove Tuesday.

I MET one such the other day. He was shopping "early" at a Christmas toy bazaar. He had with him three small "hostages to fortune" or young hopefuls, who kept on saying, "Oo! Dadda, look at that!" He was laden with parcels and running short of money. He told me in confidence that Christmas really does come once a year, and that he for his part was deuced glad it didn't come oftener.

But we all know in our secret heart that we wouldn't care a row of cheap pins if Christmas came three hundred and sixty-five times in the year instead of only once. For if you think of it thoughtfully, so to speak, what is Christmas but more or less of a realisation of the far-famed "ideals" everybody with a vote is supposed to be striving after, viz.: Peace on Earth, Goodwill Among Men, Roast Beef and Plum Pudding for Everybody, and the Special Happiness and Delight of the Rising Generation!

I HOLD no brief for politics at hallowed and gracious moments. Yet which of the three victorious "parties" in the late lamented General Election offered you a sounder programme than the one I have set forward above? Mr. Baldwin didn't beat it. Messrs. United Lloyd George and Asquith didn't beat it. And neither did Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

One of these days, conceivably, we shall provide ourselves with a "party" which will take "365 Christmases per annum" for the sole plank in its platform, and if that party doesn't sweep the country cleaner than it has ever been swept before, your name ought to be Walker.

Six months ago quite a number of people were prophesying every kind of evil for us round about now. Let us be thankful that these evils have not overtaken us. The British people are not in the habit of going short of one Christmas a year, and they are not going short of a Christmas this time round. You have only to look at the shops and the "early" and late shoppers in any district in which the income-tax man says you "reside," to perceive that we are already up to the eyes in Christmas preparations.

Where the money for it actually has its place of origin is perhaps nobody's affair. But the money is there—and we are spending it. I haven't heard that anybody has left it to us in a will or coughed it up for "reparations" or "repayment of war loans," and I am consequently driven to the conclusion that, in spite of "bad trade," "economic chaos," etc., etc., etc., we must be earning it. And good luck to us!

FOR the next week or ten days we are sure of a happier and brighter old England. We must look to it that the poorest and hardest driven amongst us share in that happiness and brightness. The more they share, the greater will be the blessing.

And ponder this, which I say is the highest politics: If it is possible for England in her present circumstances to keep on having a merry Christmas once a year, it is possible for England to have a reasonably merry England all the year round.

The reason we don't have it is not so much the fault of our rulers as a fault of our own. For 10 days out of 365 we are keen on "goodwill" and loving kindness towards mankind at large. For 355 days out of 365 we are too apt to forget both good will and loving kindness. Let us try, next year, to remember.

CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY (*Author of "An Amazing Séance," etc.*)

IN one of the most amazing Spiritualist séances ever described our contributor was told of life in Heaven on Christmas Day. "In every plane," said the medium, "Christmas day brings the tears and the joys. Tears we have, although they are usually tears of joy. . . . The trees and the grass look wonderful here, and the children especially seem to understand the language of the flowers."

A THOUSAND pens will fitly describe the Christmas festivities of mankind. Peace on Earth! But is it peace in Heaven? What could be more fitting at this moment, I thought, than a truce to the controversial side of Spiritualism, and instead an endeavour to discover how they in the Great Beyond fare.

Christmas among the spirits must surely have a tremendous appeal to those who believe in the continuation of life after death; and even to those who cannot bring themselves to believe, the seasonable spirit of toleration would be able to give a crumb of comfort in the thought that after all, the seemingly impossible may possess a germ of truth!

It was in this tranquil state of mind that I approached some friends of mine who permit no one but members of the family to attend their séances. They refused at first. "You will come with your worldly critical attitude and spoil everything," said the lady of the party.

"I promise I will come in a spirit of all humility," I assured her. "I will leave my professional air at home. Furthermore, I promise to believe before I come—although," I added, "I am bound to return to a severely critical attitude in due course."

"My friends failed to see how I could believe just for one sitting, but at any rate all the difficulties were surmounted, and I was invited to the next séance.

. . .

Whatever conclusions we may have to arrive at ultimately in regard to this most remarkable problem, this much can be said: that to those family circles where they sincerely and simply believe that they can converse with the "dead," there is an atmosphere of comfort and quiet assurance that is only comparable to the faith of a devout religious believer.

In the majority of these family gatherings of spiritualists, table-rapping, the planchette and other familiar devices of the professional spiritualist are spurned. "Those things belong to a lower order," my hostess declared.

All that usually happens at these weekly séances—they invariably take place one night every week—is what happened when I was present a few days ago. We all sat in a circle, made ourselves comfortable, and relaxed generally. The lights were only partly lowered. Each could see the other plainly. In addition there was a warm fire, and the atmosphere generally was one which the spiritualists declare is always vital at séances—that is, calm, peaceful and receptive.

Our physical and mental states were such that we could receive, respond to and encourage communication from the other side. A male cousin, Jack F., was the medium, and he occupied the centre of the circle—well placed I thought opposite the fire!

It was not an impressive gathering by any means. Just homely, workaday people with whom I often come in contact. Yet there was something about the atmosphere of the place that got in under the skin of my scepticism.

. . .

Altogether, what with the Christmassy air, the homeliness and artlessness of my friends, I was (I confess) in a very receptive mood. Therefore what I have to describe now is offered to those who have been following the course of my investigations with the full understanding of the special conditions that prevailed.

The medium had some difficulty in getting off. Very unusual, they all said, looking pointedly at me. He coughed convulsively, his mouth twitched and he moved about uneasily in his chair. For a moment, however, the storm seemed to pass, and quite a benignant expression took the place of the distorted grimace.

There came a forceful and voluble harangue by a spirit who was said to have been a preacher in earth life. He told us, in effect, that religion was the only hope, that those of us on earth who did not follow the Faith would surely realise their transgressions.

"Oh, my brethren, oh my sisters, your life on earth is transient. Why not ennoble it so that when ye shall pass from the earth to this plane ye shall be possessed of eternal life?" And much more on those lines.

The only point that occurred to me during this religious outburst was that I would hardly conceive Jack in his normal state talking with such fervour and with such volubility. Ordinarily Jack is a reserved young man who has no other views beside s first-class football and first-class spiritualism.

When our religious spirit friend had ultimately taken his departure, having duly blessed us—me in particular—I observed to the company in general that I should have loved to hear how they on the other side would spend Christmas. Immediately the entranced medium spoke. It was a quiet, cultured voice of a woman speaking in measured tones.

. . .

"Our writing friend wishes to know how we on this plane spend Christmas. I shall tell him what he wishes to know. Christmas to us, my friends, means as much to those who have passed over as it does to those of you on earth. Its beauty, its spiritual significance, its teachings affect us as it does you. Do not imagine, my friend, that the celebration of Christmas is meant for mankind on earth only.

"In every plane Christmas Day brings the tears and the joys. Have no fear that we no longer know the emotions that we knew on earth. Tears we have, although they are usually tears of joy . . ."

"Then are the celebrations on your plane the same as they are on ours?" I asked.

"Except this," was the immediate response, "On such a soul-stirring occasion as Christmas Day the spiritual conditions on earth are so beautifully peaceful that hosts of us are attracted from our own circles, or groups, to yours on earth. If you will but call us, we shall come.

"On these occasions when the whole world is at prayer—as it was on Armistice Day—we are brought into contact with you in numbers that would amaze. At Christmas, unknown to many thousands of you, we shall be with our beloved ones on earth. We shall sit with you at the feast, we shall pray with you in the twilight of your homes or at church.

. . .

"Those of you who blithely masquerade as Santa Claus little know that a real Spiritual Father Christmas, the sort of angel dreamed of by the children, is in reality in every home, leaving as gifts tender kisses and beatific thoughts of loving kindness. You have no idea what great happiness it is to us at such times . . ."

"But are the planes all One Great Heaven at Christmas?" I asked with significance.

"Ah, I know your meaning my friend, but believe me, although there are varied degrees of happiness on this side as there are on yours, there are no such dread d pictures as some on the earth plane would imagine. You may be assured that at Christmas time Heaven is all one great joy."

"That will be a great comfort to many on this side," I said.

"But even Earth could create its own Heaven. After all, Heaven is another word for harmony. At Christmas time earth approaches nearest to Heaven."

"Please can you describe Christmas Day among the spirits for me?"

"We rise very early, refreshed with the thought that we shall soon be with our loved ones on earth.

Mr. Sydney Moseley.

We breathe our prayers and help our children with their devotions. The trees and the grass look wonderful here at Christmas and the children especially seem to understand the language of the flowers. Usually we each of us have our work to do, but at Christmas we yearn to be with you.

"We long to hear again the voices of those dear friends of ours still on the earth plane, but at Christmas they are nearer to us than at any other time of the year.

"Time passes quickly, for all of us are happy here. I have told you about the flowers. You would love to see them in all their glory.

"By concentrating our thoughts on our loved ones we are able to be with you.

"Half-forgotten things of our earlier existence come back to us at this time. Perhaps you will remember some of the things I hear now.

"And we can so easily get in touch with you at Christmas!

"Do you know this song, which I seem to recall in my childhood:

A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small.
The neighbours were friendly bidden
And all had welcome true
The poor from the gates were not chidden
When this old cap was new.

"We have our family gatherings too, on the spirit world. Friends from other planes are attracted to each other and even some of those on the highest plane, those whom the clairvoyant may sometimes see on earth garbed in blue, unite to celebrate the joyous anniversary."

"But do you have a feast?" I asked.

"Indeed, friend, yes. We have our own foods as you have, although ours are mostly chemical products which would hardly satisfy you. Just the same as our dress, the filmy folds are so different from the coarser clothing on earth . . . I must go now. Good-bye. Bless you all."

The medium ceased speaking.

. . .

The warm fire in the drowsy room and the soothing story I had heard acted as a semi soporific.

It was, however, true enough in so far as this wonderful conversation had been carried on between me and the now awakening medium.

Whatever it be, it gave one a strange feeling of Christmas cheer.

£100 FOR SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH

JOHN BULL *offers £100 for the production of a genuine spirit photograph taken under our own test conditions. Offers should be sent to our contributor, Mr. Sydney A. Moseley, at the* JOHN BULL *offices, 93, Long Acre, W.C.*

See History!

You remember what you see better than what you read. Send a postcard to Dept. H, 26, Pancras Rd., N.W.1, and learn how to see your country's history

"Golden Melody"

GRAMOPHONES

PERFECT TONE. UNRIVALLED VALUE. ONE YEAR'S GUARANTEE.

There is no better value than this inlaid mahogany finished cabinet model which we manufacture ourselves and supply direct to the public at a lower price than ever previously offered.

We have thousands of satisfied users who have availed themselves of the opportunity to buy direct from the manufacturer.

Carriage paid on easy payments from 12s. 9d. a month. Money returned if not satisfied.

GOLDEN MELODY No. 1B.

Specification.—Mahogany finished (inlaid Sheraton style Cupboard. *Height*, 39 in. *Chiefly constructed of solid mahogany*, well polished, *bright finish*, top doors *reveals* volume of tone, lower doors give *access* to spacious *record compartment. Reliable double spring Swiss motor*, 12 in. *turn-table and all fittings complete. Highly Nickel-Plated Sound Volk Tone Arm. Golden Melody No. 1 Sound Box.*

We unreservedly guarantee to exchange any instrument which, unless maltreated, proves itself faulty or goes wrong within twelve months from date of purchase.

Write for latest catalogue of models ranging in price from £1 10s. 0d. to £37 10s.

THE GOLDEN MELODY GRAMOPHONE MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. J.B.2), 174, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11.

Trade Enquiries Invited.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

The Bachelor Girl

"I AM a 'bachelor girl,' living in rooms in London. My parents live in a tiny village, too far from London for me to go and see them more than about twice a year. During the war we lost what little money we had, and then my only brother was killed, and I had to earn my own living.

"Some time ago I was introduced to a man rather older than myself, who has since been very good to me, taking me out to theatres and concerts. He is a married man, but being older than I, I had looked upon him as only a very good friend.

"Now, the other day he told me he loved me. I knew he did not get on with his wife, as she is rather flighty, but it had never entered my head that he could care for me. I certainly could never love him—and told him so. I also said we'd better not see each other any more, but he begs me to go on with our friendship.

"The temptation is very great, I feel that I ought to give up what can no longer be to him an ordinary friendship, but on the other hand, if I do, I give up all my pleasure."

"Humanist" says:—*You cannot continue with safely a friendship with a married man who has declared his love for you. If he is a gentleman he will respect your wishes. If not, make the complete break.*

Calls of Class

"TWO years ago I was a working girl, gifted, it was said, with handsome looks and a fine figure. These qualities proved to be my undoing, for they attracted the attention of a young man of good family who lived in our town. He made love to me, we had many clandestine meetings, and finally, in spite of the warnings of my family and friends, we were quietly married.

"The prophecies of my advisers have unfortunately come true, for it was not long before my husband's ardour began to cool. My ways, my speech, my general conduct at social functions, were never those of the circles in which he moved, and as a result he soon began to look upon me as a hindrance and a thing to be ashamed of.

"He never comes near me now, but condescends to allow me a sum on which I can live comfortably, and promises to increase this when our child is born early next month. But I do not want his money. I have still strong within me the old spirit of independence, and if I cannot truly be his wife I will not receive his alms.

"I am sure that my best step is to cut adrift and to forget the happenings of the last two years. Two young people of means, themselves childless, are eager to adopt my child from birth, but the agreement must include entire surrender. I have, it is true, the deep yearnings of a mother for her offspring, but what degree of education and upbringing could I give if I rely on myself?

"My plans, therefore, are to surrender my infant to the care of these foster-parents and to obtain the old happy independence by returning to the shop from which my wealthy lover took me. Am I doing right?"

"Humanist" says:—*I do not think you are right to lose your child when your husband is willing to give you means of support. I sympathise with your desire to work and be independent, but consider whether you ought to do it at the expense of your child.*

Love Versus Duty

"TEN years ago I married a girl with a vicious disposition. Herself, mother, and other members of the family expected to share my father's small fortune after his death, but unfortunately for them he stills enjoys life.

"We have four sturdy children whom I care for, and my wife daily curses. She is self-opinionated and ignorant. Her brutal corrections of the children often result in cuts and bruises to the unfortunates.

"Although I have studied several subjects in the hopes of making a lucrative living, my wife discourages me at every turn, and then curses me for our poverty.

"Four years ago, a young lady was introduced to us by a relative, and since the introduction she has been a frequent visitor. I soon noticed there was an understanding growing up between us; this was strengthened by her intellectual disposition.

"She possesses a strong sense of honour and morals, and gives me no encouragement whatever, although I am convinced she cares for me with a passion well controlled.

"This woman inspires me in my upward fight, and her inspirations were the cause of my success in a literary venture, which my wife's continual discouragement made another failure. My wife little knows that she is indebted to the woman I love, and the children I love, for my continual fight against, apparently, hopeless odds.

"Humanist, should I cease my attentions for this woman, whom I dearly love, or keep our happiness a secret, because of the great help it affords in holding me to my duty to home and children?"

"Humanist" says: *I think you are entitled to a friendship which helps you in your work, if you keep it on the basis your new friend stipulates. Try to think less of your domestic troubles and more of your work. Great artists are made by sorrows: knowledge by suffering entereth.*

Dread of the Past

"TO be married to a good man and to have an ideal home are part of my lot, yet I am very unhappy. Nine years ago, and just before the war, I kept company in my native village with a young gamekeeper. We were both young, and irresponsible, and we loved with the freedom which so often brings condemnation in the world.

"Then the war came and my gamekeeper lover went to the front. His absence served to show me that my feeling towards him was really mere fascination, and during the time he was away I met and married Mr. Right—another local man—but only after I had written to my former suitor and received his sanction to cancel the loveless engagement.

"We now live two hundred miles away from our old homes, and our parents are pressing us to pay the usual Christmas visit there. Much as I would like to see the old faces again, I am in dread of making the journey, for nine months ago the gamekeeper was released from an institution where he had been since the war through mental trouble.

"He is, I hear, still strange in his manner, and blurts out the most private of matters. We three are sure to meet in some such circumstances, and then by one sentence I feel that my life's secrets and happiness will go by the board. My husband is so high-principled that I fear he will never forgive my errors of the past. Whatever must I do?"

"Humanist" says:—*Clearly you should keep away from a man whom you think likely to shatter your whole future happiness. Get your parents to come and visit you instead.*

The New Age

"WHILST residing for a time last month at a boarding-house, I met a charming girl of nineteen and her fiancé as guests in the same establishment. Everybody liked the pair; they were good pals, and not a bit sentimental. Yet, without exception, all the guests expressed the opinion that they would not care for a daughter of *theirs* to be thus unchaperoned.

"I got to know the betrothed couple very well, and a splendid type they were. In spite of their youth they had a grip of Life that their elders might envy.

"Yet the wiseacres all shook their heads, and I admit that such a situation might be an impossible one for certain young folk. But is it ever wise? It seems to be a subject oft much doubt and misunderstanding."

"Humanist" says:—*Really I do not think it a crime for engaged people to live in the same boarding-house. If young people wish to do wrong, they can evade the strictest chaperonage. The liberty that always requires a sentinel is scarcely worth having.*

The Private Shop.

"My husband has spinal disease. I run a shop and my neighbours buy from me privately. Shall I do wrong if I serve after hours?"

I am sorry for you; but if you keep a shop you must do it correctly. It will probably pay you better in the long run.

The Insane Father.

"A girl friend engaged to marry has a father who spent a year in an asylum. She says worry drove him there. She wishes to know if she should tell."

I should advise her to. If people love each other, I see no need for secrets.

The Former Lover.

"A former lover, now a friend of my husband, is making love to me. I resent it. Should I tell his wife or my husband?"

Tell the unwanted lover to keep away, or you will have no choice but to ask your husband's protection. That is a husband's right.

The Narrow Parents.

"I am one of England's million superfluous women. My parents are so religious that they forbid me dances, theatres, even the cinema. Must this go on for ever?"

No, take a firm stand for reason and liberty. Good parents usually see the light when they realise that their children are really unhappy.

The Director's Chance.

"I have invested money in a tyre company and joined the board. I find that the managing director makes secret transactions on his own authority—to the detriment of the shareholders, and their assets, in my opinion. Should I resign or fight it out?"

Fight it out. Bring it before the Board: that is your duty to yourself and to the other shareholders, whose trustee you are.

Bad Company.

"A woman I know is connected with a business of shady foundation, and I think she is likely to figure in the police court as the accomplice of a well-known company promoter. She appeals to me for aid and protection. But she is unknowingly guilty."

Tell her to be on her guard, and to leave the place if she sees anything suspicious or dishonest being done. There is no career in helping a dubious company-promoter.

Telephone Pests

"A girl friend of mine, advertising French conversational lessons, is constantly bothered by telephone calls from men who regard people in her position as legitimate prey for their insidious and wanton approaches. She is afraid of losing her reputation, through misunderstanding."

Report the matter to the police: they can devise ways for catching people.

Fortune-telling Nonsense.

"My fiancée was told by a palmist that she would never be happy if she married me. Until then she loved me with all her heart, but now she says she has dreams confirming what was told her, and is afraid our marriage would be unhappy."

People who will believe in such quacks are difficult to reason with. Why not get another palmist to read your fiancée's hand? They usually err on the side of optimism.

Breaking a Life.

"Three years ago my father lost some money, £6 in all. He went to a fortune-teller who informed him someone very near and dear had taken it. He accused me of it, and told me never to enter his doors again. I have now discovered, on my sister's own confession, that she took the money. I feel that I cannot give my sister away, but it is hard not to be able to visit my home when I am innocent."

Ask your sister to make a clean breast of it. She has no right to break your life.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Call to Alms

by HARRISON OWEN

JOHN PRIMATT MAUD, Bishop of Kensington, and Percy Mark Herbert, Bishop of Kingston-on-Thames, pleaded "Not Guilty" to charges of soliciting alms.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., explained that the charges were based upon a letter over the signatures of "John Kensington," "P.M. Kingston-on-Thames," and others, appealing for £500 to carry on the work of the London Council for the Promotion of Public Morals. The letter asserted that "the Bishop of London has laid all right-thinking people under unspeakable obligation for the gallant fight he has led against the forces which threaten our national morals. What the white corpuscles of the blood are to physical health, his efforts have been to the body politic."

"There was much more in a similar strain," continued Mr. Watchdog, "and the letter concluded with the suggestion that the public, by providing the £500 asked for, could show their appreciation of the Bishop of London's efforts and 'set free a valuable agency from the burden of debt.' In making such an appeal these absent-minded beggars must surely have forgotten how widespread was public indignation recently when the methods of this precious Council came under the limelight. On that occasion the sweeping allegations made by the Bishop of London regarding the public parks were regarded as a libel on the metropolis.

"CITIZENS are now actually being asked to subscribe money to enable the Council to proceed with the noble work of blackening their characters. This seems to be presuming rather too much on the spirit of good will and I doubt if many will wish to include the paid spies of this so-called Morality Council among the objects of their benevolence." For the defence, Mr. Strawsplitterd urged that his clients were actuated by the loftiest motives. It would be a dreadful thing for London if the Council, owing to lack of funds, were compelled to dismiss its park inspectors. The inspectors might have furnished somewhat exaggerated reports of what took place in the parks, but this merely showed how zealous they were in performing their duties.

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty."

"I think it was right that this prosecution should have been brought," said Mr. Justice Bull, "so that generous citizens who, at this time of the year, get into the habit of putting their hands in their pockets might be reminded what this Blight-on-London Movement stands for. It is obvious that this organisation goes about its self-imposed work hoping to turn Love's young dream into a nightmare whenever possible. Young people who have not had the foresight to be born the children of well-to-do prelates with episcopal palaces in which to conduct their courtships, employ our parks and open spaces as happy courting grounds, and it is scandalous that this fact should be thought to render them the legitimate prey of stipendiary park prowlers. The fact that the Council is in such a bad way financially may be taken as indication of public disapproval.

"At this season of goodwill I have no wish to deal harshly with the prisoners, so I will merely direct that their ill-judged appeal be withdrawn, and that they shall forthwith devote their energies as expert almsgatherers to the task of collecting money for a Christmas treat to the children of the poor in their dioceses.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"RAINBOW":—"He jumped back quickly, frowning and hopping on ONE FOOT, while he NURSED HIS TOE WITH THE OTHER."

"PEOPLE'S JOURNAL" (Dundee):—"UNDER a beaver coat, Mrs. —— WORE A BLACK VELVET HAT."

"GRANTHAM JOURNAL":—"On his DEPARTURE Sir Victor was given an enthusiastic RECEPTION."

"NORTHAMPTON EVENING TELEGRAPH":—"Speaking of old age pensions, he mentioned the case of a 18 YEAR OLD LABOURER, who would not take the old age pension because he could not live on it."

"GLASGOW HERALD" (advert.):—"Special lot of MOCASSIN SLIPPERS are now reduced to 28/7d. for SINGLE RED SIZE, 37/6d. for DOUBLE RED SIZE."

"DAILY CHRONICLE" (advert.):—"General wanted, ABOUT 20, NOT UNDER 22."

"NORTHERN WEEKLY GAZETTE":—"Ingredients: Half lb. chopped suet, ½ lb. mixed peel, the JUICE OF ½ LB. OF SUGAR."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"The SLEEVES are set to Magyar armholes, and finished at WAIST by little turn-back cuffs."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS":—"In January he had an accident, and lost the THIRD AND FOURTH HAND."

"BOYS' OWN LIBRARY":—"Quick as thought, the young superintendent threw himself back upon the bed . . . Through his HALF-CLOSED LIPS he WATCHED every move of the man."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS" (Advt.):—"Tabby KITCHEN strayed, 8th inst. vicinity 4 Heriot Row; reward there."

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

Election bills have lost their thrills,
And Christmas bills replace them,
Till brush and paste shall lay them waste,
And New Year bills efface them.

When Baldwin crashed the news was flashed
Thro' countryside and town;
But did he fall? No, not at all,
'Twas Stanley pushed him down.

We do not know what sort of show
Is staged behind the curtain,
And when it starts who'll play the parts
It seems is still uncertain.

With such a pile upon the tile
Of Christmas bills so heavy,
It is too bad on poor old dad
His capital to levy.

The article "Blind" Ballots which appeared in our issue of December 1 does not in any way refer to the "Blind Ballot" whose advertisements have been, and are, regularly appearing in JOHN BULL, which fact alone is sufficient proof of our belief in the bona-fides of the "Blind Ballot."

JOHN BULL commends the appeal appearing in this issue on page 23 opposite, to which every reader is asked to give his or her best support.

Age brings no loss of smartness .....

CEPEA SERGE

Shirts and Pyjamas

stand the strain of a strenuous life amazingly well, retaining their freshness and colour long after others have grown pale and worn.

This round tab guarantees them to be fast coloured and fadeless. Ask your outfitter.

Trade Mark.

THE CALICO PRINTERS' ASSOCIATION Ltd
Advertising Department - - - MANCHESTER

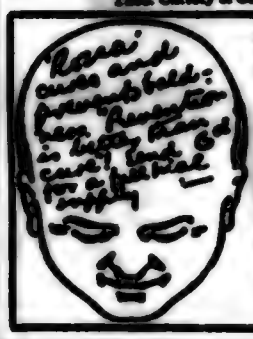
Guard Against "Flu"

Influenza and pneumonia usually start with a cold. The moment you get those warning aches, rub on Musterole.

A clean, white ointment, Musterole relieves congestion (which is what a cold really is) as effectively as the old-fashioned mustard plaster, but without the blister.

Use Musterole for sore throat, pleurisy, congestion, cold on the chest, sprains, chilblains and sore muscles.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
MILLER'S
MUSTEROLE
Thos. Christy & Co., London



Hair-raising

Rossi prevents dandruff, the cause of most hair trouble.

The Rossi Co., 11-12, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Is Santa Claus a Woman?

Something of the Christmas spirit has slipped into readers' envelopes this week, and our Letter Parliament savours of Plum Pudding and succulent Turkey.

The Reluctant Male.

Are all our men growing old and staid? Nowadays it is left to the woman of the house to create the Christmassy atmosphere around this time of the year. Even to the choosing of the presents the man rarely enters into the spirit of the thing. And yet Santa Claus is supposed to belong to the male sex! Man and wife should pull together to make the occasion a real festival for the little ones.—*Mrs. Jones, Wolverhampton.*

Empty Stockings.

Christmas, the greatest festival of the year, is again here. To many it means happiness, a gathering of old and dear friends. But what does Christmas mean to those poor souls who possess not a penny to be merry on? Some time back perhaps the kiddies' stockings were hung up. How they loved that, poor dears! Everyone's heart goes out to the poor children and the unemployed. If only employers knew the heartache, they would do their best to employ more men this Christmas.—*Please Employ.*

Dreams of Childhood.

Are children beginning to disbelieve in Santa Claus? Many parents, I know, tell their youngsters quite frankly that "there ain't no sich thing"—and so they grow up without that little dream and without a stimulation of their imaginations. This is a great pity. Let our babies believe in dreams and fairies and wonderful things. So soon in life are all our illusions broken, that they may as well have this little pleasure when they are young.—*Dad, Swanage.*

The Old Folk.

As the festive season approaches our feelings go instinctively towards those who are in less favoured circumstances than ourselves. Take, for example, the plight of the old-age pensioners. I beg to suggest that the different municipalities throughout the country contribute at least the sum of half-a-crown towards augmenting the miserable pittance presently awarded the old folk. The latter would, I know, heartily and gratefully appreciate the extra bit and make it go far. No one with a heart would grudge the poor old people this little extra.—*M. Murray, Dundee.*

Christmas Bazaars.

With the approach of Christmas, the small shopkeeper naturally looks forward to a trade fillip. Churches also recognise this period as one whereby funds can be amassed, and proceed to float bazaars and sales of work. The goods for these are in all cases given free, the result being that the charitable promoters can undersell the shopkeeper. In my opinion, it would be more satisfactory to the shopkeeper if the sales of work organisers quoted current selling prices for their goods, thus giving the shopkeeper a fair chance of competition.—*John Lewis, Liverpool.*

Spirit of Dickens.

The largest, most broad-minded charity should be paramount at Christmastide, and those blessed with the world's goods should feel it to be their duty to bestow largesse upon their less fortunate neighbours. Many a poor fellow depends upon Christmas boxes to make up meagre wages. Has the "Christmas Carol" been preached in vain that men desire to abolish this pleasant old custom? Nay, should we not emulate the spirit of Dickens—a penny here, sixpence there, a toy to a child, or a warm wrapper to an ill-clad applicant.—*T. McCrohon, Aston, near Birmingham.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Crying for a Doll.

Once again "A Gentleman With a Duster" has been comparing poverty and riches. We are now near Christmas and I will draw a picture for him. My little girl came home from school the other night and said that one of her little playmates had such a lovely dolly. Can you think how that went to my heart, knowing that we couldn't afford one for her? How could we be happy knowing our child was pining for a doll of her own. I really cannot see how anyone can be happy in poverty.—*Unemployed, London.*

Christmas Appeal.

What are *you* doing to help the unemployed? How much of your wages goes into the pockets of foreign workers when it is desperately needed here? If you are lighting your fags with foreign matches you are just as much to blame as a Corporation ordering tram-rails from abroad. Foreign goods are offered on every side. Some of them are cheaper, you say? Think of some poor devil tramping the streets, despairing of finding work, and Christmas close at hand, then *insist* on British goods.—*Briton.*

The Yellow Peril.

Regarding the recent convictions of Chinamen in this country under the opium law, is it not time most of these people were sent home at their own expense, and the houses they occupy as laundries let to Britons who are in apartments? Many of these so-called laundries are the haunts of the dealers in dope and human souls. Put every Chinaman out of this country who has a conviction, or is even a suspect, and put a poll-tax of £250 on every Chinaman who wants to come here.—*Makoo.*

Why Not Tutankhamen?

A surname is not a matter of choice, but the giving of a suitable Christian name is a parent's sacred duty. To-day our young married couples are saddling their offsprings with high sounding and nonsensical names, which will be a never-ending source of torture to their possessors a decade hence. Where is the boy who would not rather be called Bill than Marmaduke? There are plenty of good old-fashioned names for parents to choose, without blighting the young lives in a stupid effort to be original.—*A Sufferer, Nuneaton.*

On Other Pages

OUR Golden Christmas Gifts are the sensation of the country. You have just time to get yours. Particulars on page 2.

* * *

SPEND some of your Christmas leisure on "Bullets." A first prize of £500 is offered on page 31.

* * *

A "FIVER" is still being awarded every week in a simple advertisement competition. Turn to page 5 and have a try.

Defeat of the "Drys."

Scotland has fairly put the kybosh on Pussyfoot, yet the teetotal cranks have intimated that they intend to keep on challenging the issue. Why not make them hand over the cost of the poll, which would be forfeited if they were again defeated. Why should a very tiny minority of fanatics be permitted to run the country into such useless expense. The Act has been undoubtedly proved useless as a cure for drunkenness.—*Temperate.*

Evils of Dancing.

I agree with "T. U. R." Dancing has ruined *our* lives. We were everything to each other till my husband took to dancing. Then nothing else mattered. The girls thought him single, and he was able to flirt with them in the dance-halls, I having to remain at home with two babies and another on the way. Dancing has given him opportunities that he would never have otherwise had. Dancing, at least for married folk, is a curse!—*T. L.*

Church and Politics.

What does "Churchwarden" think the Church exists for? It is as much the Church's duty to lead the people to exercise their vote rightly in a political crisis as it is to lead them along any path which makes for the common good and better social conditions, and it is in no sense "dishonourable" that a parson should attempt to do this. It is the spirit which "Churchwarden" shows of alienating the Church from actualities that is destroying its power to do good.—*J. H. F. Pankhurst, Whitley Bay.*

Hats Off to Britain!

As a Frenchman, I suggest that it is time we had a "Hats Off to Britain" movement, and I am sure many of my own countrymen would gladly join in. Your country has done more to promote the true interests of France than has the Poincaré Government, for Britain has worked for a lasting peace that would give France the security her best friends seek. Security against aggression from Germany is what we want, and that is not to be won by exasperating our beaten foe and antagonising our best friend.—*Leon Poiret.*

Watch 'Em!

Now that a new Parliament is soon to meet, some innovation which makes the people of the country acquainted with the attitude of its members towards the different problems under discussion ought to be instituted. This could be done by the weekly publication in all local newspapers of the way in which the Member of the constituency votes or speaks on the various subjects. A periodical bulletin of his behaviour ought to be posted in the Press, and by this means the atmosphere of bewilderment which was such a feature of the recent election would be eliminated.—*Eleanor Heyworth, Fulwood, Preston.*

Russia's "Riches."

"Trade with Russia" is Mr. Gardiner's solution of the unemployment question. Russia still owes us a matter of many millions of pounds which she has no intention of paying, and yet A. G. G. suggests that the Government should help them to open up a new credit account. What a business proposition! As a business man, I would suggest that if Russia is so anxious for our goods, and is so ready and able to pay as Mr. Gardiner thinks, what is to prevent her supplying some of the "enormous riches of her fields, forests and mines" to buyers in this country first, and taking manufactured goods in exchange?—*E. H. Cole.*

A £5-5-0 PURE WOOL TWEED SUIT for £2-0-0

STEPHEN DONOGHUE,
The World-Famous Jockey,
dressed by BARRY.
(Photo by Press and Publicity Photographic Co.)

MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES.
WHEREVER YOU RESIDE WE UNDERTAKE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY.

HERE is Our UNIQUE PLEDGE

We will refund not only the full amount of your purchase but 2/6 over and above that sum if we fail.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS

If you cannot call personally our SELF MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your order carefully packed.

SENT CARRIAGE PAID AT OUR RISK ENTIRELY.

FREE. The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Send us a post-card forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

WRITE OR CALL.

These calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

The Best £3:10:0 to Measure All Wool Indigo Dyed London Cloth BLUESERGE SUIT ever produced	A PURE WOOL OVERCOAT to Measure for £2:0:0	THE BARRICO COVERT COAT to Measure THE FINEST £3:5:0 RAINCOAT on the market (Real Gabardine)

Also Special Offer of the Celebrated
Triple Proofed Gabardine TRENCH COAT
(The Famous 4 in 1 Coat)
For **35/-** Carriage Paid.
IN EITHER BLUE OR FAWN.

This is the much-talked-of COMBINED Overcoat and Stormcoat which is to-day selling elsewhere at from 70/- to 40/-. We do not in the ordinary way handle Trench Coats, or indeed, any ready-to-wear garments, confining ourselves to bespoke tailoring, but this offer is made merely to prove that the BARRY values are positively unexcelled.

IN PLACE OF FATIGUE **35/-**

Post us your remittance for 35/-, state size round chest, and height, and colour preferred. Your cash refunded at once if coat is not thoroughly approved.

S. A. BARRY & Co
(Est. 1897) 36, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.
EXCLUSIVELY MEASURE TAILORS
(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.)

FOR
HALF-A-CROWN
YOU CAN BE
WHIRLED
INTO
HAPPINESS
BY WINNING THE FIRST PRIZE OF
£5,000
IN THE
Blind Ballot
in aid of the National Institute for the Blind
(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920)

PATRONS:

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.
THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW.
THE EARL OF LONSDALE, D.L.
THE EARL OF CLARENDON, D.L., J.P.
THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, K.P., C.M.G.
THE COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH, FAUCONBERG AND CONYERS.
THE LORD DESBOROUGH, K.C.V.O.
THE LORD TREDEGAR.
THE LORD LILFORD.
THE DOWAGER THE LADY RAGLAN, LADY CRUTCHLEY.
LADY MARTIN HARVEY.
SIR MICHAEL O'DWYER, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I.
SIR JAMES AND LADY CALDER.
SIR DAVID HUGHES MORGAN.
REAR-ADMIRAL MURRAY SUETER, R.N., C.B., M.P.
LIEUT.-COL. JOHN WARD, C.B., C.M.G., M.P.
CAPT. E. B. B. TOWSE, V.C., C.B.E.
FRED MARTIN, Esq., M.P.
G. P. MOWATT, Esq., J.P.
T. P. O'CONNOR, Esq., M.P.

Think of it—five thousand pounds for five sixpences! There are other wonderful prizes of £2,000, £1,000, and heaps of others, amounting in all to

£10,000 in Prizes

payable in cash, and guaranteed.

Take as many tickets as you can afford, as the happiness of large numbers of Blind people depends upon the success of this competition, and in doing this for the Blind you may bring yourself wealth beyond your wildest dreams.

Tickets may be obtained from any Branch of the National Institute for the Blind, from Army and Navy Stores, Haymarket Stores, Harrods Ltd. (Library Lounge), A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Keith Prowse & Co., Civil Service Supply Association, etc., or from 12, Oxford St., Manchester; or any shop or theatre displaying the Blind Ballot Poster. Also by posting the coupon below to the HON. TREASURER, BLIND BALLOT, PALACE CHAMBERS, BRIDGE ST. WESTMINSTER LONDON, S.W.1.

USE THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

Please send me.....2/6 Blind Ballot Ticket(s)

I enclose P.O. / Cheque } value.....and stamped addressed envelope

Name .....

Address .....

J.B. 7. *(Please write distinctly and in ink.)*

The Baron o' "Lloyd's" says—
No wonder their Telegraphic Address is "GENEROUS."

Hello, EVERYBODY!—

WHITE, FISHER & Co.
144a, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.
Calling!!!

FOOTBALL—Gigantic Increased Odds.
Our prices are calculated according to the Results, with a minimum as scheduled upon our Coupons.
GUARANTEED—
Seven Leagues. Five Lists. Business on Credit.
Agents wanted.
Full particulars by application.
RACING—Systems. Weekly Accounts. No limit. All the year round.
WE NEVER QUIBBLE.
Established 27 years.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO.
DAVID COPE &
ALFRED H. MAURICE,
(Established over 25 years)
25, North Albion St., GLASGOW.
NO LIMIT
ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
LETTER COMMISSIONS.
DAILY SETTLEMENTS.
For Credit Accounts only apply to—
DAVID COPE, 97 Fleet St., London, E.C.

ALFRED H. MAURICE
(Established over 25 Years)
10, Bride Lane, London, E.C.4
THE FOOTBALL Accountant!
ALL Football Commissions Accepted on Credit only.
LONG AND SHORT LISTS.
Nothing Barred. Enormous Odds.

VARICOSE VEINS
ULCERS, BAD LEGS, etc., POSITIVELY AND PERMANENTLY CURED.
A Marvellous New Scientific Treatment.
SENT ON APPROVAL

No matter how severe your complaint, our new method will CURE YOU. Instant relief guaranteed, failure impossible. No drugs, bandages or experimenting, no relapse, no quackery. Astounding successes where Hospitals, Specialists, Doctors, and other Treatments have failed. Thousands of Unsolicited Sworn Testimonials.

To prove the truth of what we say we invite you to TEST THIS TREATMENT AT OUR EXPENSE. There will be no liability, question or quibble and no argument if for any reason you do not wish to keep it.

REMEMBER THIS
WE SEND THE
TREATMENT ON TRIAL
TAKE THE FIRST STEP NOW. Call or write for full particulars of our Trial Treatment and ask for Free Sample, Testimonials and Booklet "B."
Expert Male and Female Attendants.
LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(Dept. V.T.)
23, Sackville St., Piccadilly, London, W.
Head Office: 90 & 92, WORCESTER STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
WORKS: PARIS, PARIS, FRANCE.

Stop Frivolous Objections

An Urgent Task for the N.H.C.

IT is quite time the National Hunt Committee took stern measures to repress frivolous objections. Win, tie or wrangle methods are only doing harm to the great winter sport. F. Rees, a fine horseman, is not the kind of sportsman to appeal unless he has good grounds for complaint, but he was in the objection room on three occasions last week and once the week before. The stewards awarded his mounts Playful and Court Bleddyn their respective races. In the case of Stuff Gown and Confirmation his appeals were overruled. Objections leave a nasty taste in the mouth, which ever way they go, and the only way to keep them down is to make the jockey who complains lodge considerably more than five pounds and to estreat it in every case where the objection is not sustained.

My Code Tips.

It is too early for a stocktaking of my code tips, but I hope JOHN BULL readers will follow them. The first two sent out were Goldsmith's Alliance and Main Royal—both second. They were followed by Bedelia, third, and Savernake, a non-runner. The coded selections are inserted in newspapers all over the country, so there should be no complaints from readers that they are unable to obtain them.

Christmas Racing.

This week there will be racing every day except Thursday. On Christmas Eve jockeys have a day off, but they will make up for it on Boxing Day. On December 26 programmes will be held at Kempton Park, Wolverhampton, Sedgefield and Leopardstown. These are two-day meetings. Newbury follows on the 28th.

Hares and Hounds at Plumpton.

I went down to Plumpton last week and although only one favourite obliged, and the mud was ankle deep, it was a most enjoyable day's sport. F. Fitton, who only has four horses in his stable at the moment, brought off a fine long-priced double with two of them. Irish Cheer (10 to 1), Panthias (100 to 8). Two little incidents pleased the sporting crowd. When the horses in the first race were approaching the winning post they were led by a hound which had probably strayed from its pack. The second race on the card produced a similar episode. A hare, at full stretch, chased in front of the field first time round and won easily.

Coulthwaite's Nap Hand.

The Hednesford trainer has a nice little nap hand entered in the Victory Hurdle Handicap at Manchester, and one of the horses under his charge should carry off the spoils. I have ruled out Fariray, as the penalty which he picked up at Haydock raises his weight to 13st. 3 lbs. This leaves five others engaged. Harmonious, West Countryman, Argo, Old Times, and Granchester. Coulthwaite won the race twelve months ago with Benediction. Granchester ran second in 1920.

Where is this year's Groomsport?

In the last National Hunt campaign Groomsport won eight races straight off the reel. So far, I do not think any horse seen out this season is likely to beat his record, unless it is Civic Guard. I have a high opinion of the brother to Town Guard, and advise him to be backed until he loses.

Tamar to go Abroad.

I suppose it is sentiment, but I never like to see good horses go out of the country. Tamar, who ran second for Lord Astor in Captain Cuttle's Derby, has recently been sold to the Hungarian Government. If he is half as successful at the stud as his sire, Tracery, he will make a name for himself. Tracery won the St. Leger in 1912, and later was sold and sent to the Argentine. He came back to these shores early this year. Tracery sired Papyrus and this year alone his progeny have won over £31,000 in stake money.

Flat Races at Jumping Meetings.

It was a pleasant surprise for the onlookers at Sandown Park to see the Prince of Wales riding Phaco in the National Hunt Flat Race. Flat races during the winter months have been revived at the instigation of the National Hunt Committee in the hope of encouraging more amateur riders to take part in the sport.

Brilliant Amateurs.

There are quite a number of fine cross-country horsemen, but the honours list is not confined to the professionals. I would as soon have Mr. H. A. Brown, Captain Bennet or Major Doyle riding for me as anyone. All are brimful of pluck and are horsemen of great dash. Few will forget H. A. Brown's great feat on The Bore in Shaun Spadah's "National." Brown's mount fell two fences from home and the rider broke his collar-bone. He remounted and finished second.

Making Racing Pay.

The Yorkshireman evidently likes his little bit of racing. The Doncaster Corporation accounts for last year, which have recently been issued, show that the spring race-meeting receipts came to £10,450, and the September meeting—St. Leger week—to £58,523. The nice little sum of £12,500 has been set aside in aid of the rates. I think that it will come as a surprise to most people that so much money is taken at the turnstiles. It certainly did to me.

The "Sporting Life Companion."

One of the sporting books of reference which I always keep by me is the *Sporting Life Companion*. It is worth having for two excellent reasons: It covers every branch of sport fully from A to Z, and, what is more important, its records, statistics, and future event programmes are reliable. I have just received my copy of the 1924 issue. It would occupy a column of JOHN BULL to give you every detail of its contents, so you must take my advice and obtain a copy from your newsagent. The price is 6d. as usual, or it can be sent to you, post free 7½d., direct from the Publisher, *The Sporting Life*, 27, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—
Sporting Life, North Star, Sheffield Early Bird, Leeds Mercury, Glasgow Noon Record, Glasgow Daily Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Plymouth Sports Post, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Midday Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, and *Irish Independent.*

P K MM V LL 8 F Q I

X L B 3 H R 7 C T

2 OO G N O J E M

9 S U Y D A Z W

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

OJNOJMY would read DAYDAWN.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from December 19 to 25 inclusive.

PADDOCK PARS.

High prices were realised at the sale of the late Lord Manton's horses. Eighteen animals fetched £65,880.

Captain Bennet's riding weight is only 8st. 3 lbs.

Eureka II., who won at Sandown Park, is one to be watched in connection with the Grand National. In this fine 'chaser Gore has another Jerry M.

The death of the stallion, Wavelet's Pride, recalls the sensational Great Metropolitan Stakes of 1903. He ran this race, twice in one day and won on both occasions.

Wavelet's Pride was a good sire. His progeny have won 352 races worth over £34,000 in stake money.

Those who believe in following up the French successes, Rose Prince and Epinard, may like to take a long price about L'Yser for the Grand National. He is a certain starter barring accidents.

Between his winning mounts Clashing Arms and Civic Guard, J. Anthony rode 27 consecutive losers.

Entries for the Lincoln and National close on January 8. The weights will be published on January 14, and the acceptances on the 19th.

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Pride of Hanister.—I made a special note of Mr. Bisgood's mount at Plumpton. This fine gelding—a son of Wavelet's Pride—pulls double and likes to be in front. He will win again.

Tara Hill.—Was left many lengths at Sandown Park when running third to two of the best seen out this season, Confirmation and First Magic. Will pay to follow.

What Luck.—Hyam's horse was unlucky to be beaten by Layman at Windsor. The son of Cylgad is a certain winner before long.

Golden Fleece.—Fell at Birmingham recently and was "beaten" a head by Prickly at Nottingham. Prior to these outings he scored in clever fashion from Providence at Wolverhampton. The money was planked down at Nottingham. Golden Fleece is one to follow.

Templebar.—Finished very strongly in the race won by Rattlesnake at Sandown Park, and was probably beaten by his jockey assuming that Gay Lochinvar could not be caught. Gay Lochinvar was six lengths ahead of Rattlesnake when he refused at the last jump.

Brother Bill.—Ran a good race behind Bucket at Plumpton. Has already won once this season.

Tim.—Not a high-class gelding, but jumps like a cat. Has run 46 races since January, 1922, and has won 17 times. He is always dangerous to oppose in the type of race in which he is entered.

Antimagic.—Will probably win next time out if the event is a two-miler. Seemed certain to score at Sandown Park, but was beaten for stamina by Speen.

Shaun Spadah.—It should not be necessary for me to tell you to follow Powle's grand old 'chaser. Gave Eureka II. 17 lbs. and was unlucky to lose.

Sans Peche.—Clement's filly has not been seen out this season, but she is very fit and should be backed first time.

Savernake.—This is another animal trained by Clements, and he is a champion over hurdles. Savernake was a good horse, on the flat, over a distance of ground, which is all in his favour for two mile events. He should be backed whenever seen out.

"SILVER RING."

Do Footballers Enjoy Xmas?

Season's Greatest Test of Condition

THE Christmas spent by the professional football teams is not exactly a merry one. Half of them will have their turkey and pudding in railway trains—and not a very liberal helping either! In the space of eleven days, extending from this Saturday until New Year's Day, the majority have to play in no fewer than five matches; and this, with many hundred miles travelling thrown in, is a nice little test of the spirit which this time of the year is expected to create. Lucky the club that can emerge from the "holiday" with no invalids and only two or three casualties.

Important Period.

This period is not unlikely to practically settle the question of relegation in one or more instances. Few clubs show much of a revival after half the season is over; and if the holiday games pass with the addition of but a mere point or two, the clubs at the bottom of the tables have a nasty outlook. This quick succession of games is, further, often a good or bad advertisement for the trainers. There can be nothing the matter with the physical condition of a side which can play the fifth of the holiday games at the pace of the first. Those that do have been given an easy time during this month.

Not So Bad, Eh?

In the forty-four games played in the English League on December 8, our football expert gave twenty-three winners, including four "away" teams. Of the nineteen nap selections no fewer than fifteen were correct, among them three away successes and one drawn game.

This Week's Fancies.

I cannot see the champions winning at Cardiff this week-end. The "Blues" are a hard lot to beat on their own ground There should be a great game between the Villa and Sheffield United at Birmingham, and I take the Villa for both points. Other probable home winners are Chelsea, Everton, Huddersfield, and West Ham; but the only side I can see likely to win away is Bolton Wanderers at Nottingham. The County are not doing so well as earlier on. The 'Spurs should get a point at Blackburn; Sunderland should draw at Newcastle, and I can see a draw between Birmingham and West Bromwich. Anything can happen in the match at Middlesbrough between the locals and Preston.

Division II. Prospects.

Derby County are right out for promotion, and they will have got over a stiff obstacle if they can win at Blackpool. I think a draw the most likely result. Nor can Leeds United be expected to get more than a point at Bury, or Leicester City the same at Oldham. The Athletic strike me as a side who are improving. For home winners I select Bradford City, Clapton Orient, Manchester United, Hull City, Wednesday, Stoke, and South Shields, which leaves only Fulham as the side most likely to make a successful journey. Nelson are their opponents. All the same, Fulham are finding, as I have pointed out, that some of their players cannot stay the course.

With the Scots.

The Rangers should get a little nearer the championship of the Scottish League by decisively beating Hamilton Academicals. There is no comparison between the teams in all-round skill. Celtic, however, will do well to get even one point at Dundee, and I should say Raith Rovers will be content with a draw against Motherwell. Partick Thistle v. Clyde and Third Lanark v. St. Mirren I am also unable to separate; but I predict home victories for Clydebank, Hibernians, Falkirk, Airdrieonians, and Kilmarnock.

England's Centre.

Will Charles Buchan come into international favour again as the result of his success at centre-forward since he took over that position in the Sunderland team from Paterson? Victor Watson is sure to be passed while he is temporarily unsound, and Buchan is getting more goals than Joe Bradford. Perhaps Buchan's recent collection of goals will cause the selectors to amend their opinion that he is "too clever."

Good Pals.

I was pleased to be one of the few guests at the dinner given by the West Ham club to the Cup Final teams, for two reasons. One was that I had a further opportunity of seeing what good pals keen opponents can be, and mostly are, off the field; and the other reason, the frankness of the few speeches made. Nobody engaged in any flattery, and some typical Lancashire remarks by Bolton gentlemen were as true as they were amusing. An extension of these functions, which could be easily arranged when a visiting team has to stay for the night, would have a beneficial effect on the game in all of its phases.

A Real Grievance.

A Second Division player asked me the other day why his section got so little representation in trial matches. He can search me, but it is a fact that the Selection Committee have very little sympathy in this direction; and I wonder how often members of this committee see a game between Second Division clubs. Probably once or twice a year only. George Wilson, of The Wednesday, of course, is an F.A. stand-by, but it's not long odds that he is the best footballer in League II.

Bruisers of the Game.

The Football Association, I hear, is quite alive to a recurrence of rough play, and it would not surprise me to see one or more of the delinquents in the near future get more than the customary month or a fortnight, which, as I have said before, is no punishment at all when, as it is, the rule prohibiting payment is evaded. The pity is that, while some boards of directors very soon get rid of a bruiser, others laugh up their sleeves at charges which are about as gentle as the methods employed in a case of robbery with violence. Instead of awaiting reports from referees, the F.A. should send out their detectives to watch men who do not play the game, and then adopt the role of public prosecutors.

A Real "Brum."

Aston Villa have found dozens of first-class footballers on their doorstep, and one of them is Moss, their right-half.

Moss had a bit of luck at the beginning of his career, as when, not a regular member of the Villa team, he won an English Cup medal. But even then he was knocking hard at the door, and caps against Ireland and Scotland came his way once he had established himself.

Last season Moss, probably because he got in the wars, fell away from the standard he had set, but he has recovered all his old skill and confidence, and he is in the running for further international representation.

Moss has all the Villa traditional style, and therefore it is superfluous to add that he is highly entertaining. As a mere tackler Moss has no superior, or is there a more tireless half-back in the game, but on top of this his ball-control is good and he gives his forwards the ball at the right pace. Some people object to his desire to wander, but in his case it is not a serious fault, as he is full of resource and knows when not to leave an opponent.

Moss, standing as he does 5 ft. 11 in. and weighing 11½ stone, is ideally built for his job, and he applies his weight in a charge at the right moment. Nearly twenty-eight years of age, he is in the heyday of his career, and there is no more popular player at Aston.

Rover's Discovery.

Blackburn Rovers could not have paid much to Sheppey United for the transfer of Harper, who is probably now worth a couple of thousand more than was given for him. This centre-forward has not only kept his place in the first team, but he improves with every match, and when I saw him recently I arrived at the opinion that he will be a very fine player when he has had this season's experience behind him. Harper controls the ball very well when he attempts a burst through, and, what is more, keeps his head when he arrives in front of the posts. A real discovery, this.

Better out of London.

Queen's Park Rangers' chief claim to fame is a capacity to let their centre-forwards flourish elsewhere. The Rangers have only averaged about a goal per match, and yet Smith, now cleverly leading the Swansea attack, and Chandler, who is getting many goals for Leicester City, were allowed to leave West London. I don't say either was as good when wearing the Rangers' jersey as now—incidentally it is astonishing how a change of atmosphere beneficially affects some players—but there seems to have been a lack of perspicacity somewhere.

FORECASTS FOR DEC. 29.

THE LEAGUE.—DIV. I.
Home Winners.
Arsenal, *Bolton W., Burnley, Liverpool, *Manchester C., *Sheffield U., *Sunderland, *Tottenham.
Away Winners.
*Huddersfield, Newcastle.
Draw.
*Aston V. v. Cardiff.

THE LEAGUE.—DIV. II.
Home Winners.
*Barnsley, *Blackpool, Coventry, *Derby C., Fulham, *Leeds U., *Leicester C., *Southampton.
Away Winner.
*Bury.
Draws.
*Bradford C. v. Manchester U., *Bristol C. v. Stoke.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (SOUTHERN).
Home Winners.
Aberdare, Gillingham, *Luton, *Millwall, Newport, *Northampton, *Plymouth, *Swansea.
Away Winners.
*Brighton, Bristol R.
Draw.
Queen's Park R. v. Portsmouth.

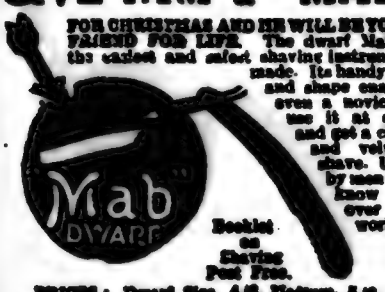
THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (NORTHERN).
Home Winners.
Darlington, Doncaster, *Grimsby, Halifax, *Rochdale, Rotherham, *Southport, *Walsall, *Wolverhampton W.
Draw.
New Brighton v. Wigan.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
Home Winners.
*Aberdeen, *Celtic, *Hamilton, Kilmarnock, Partick Thistle.
Away Winners.
Motherwell, *Rangers.
Draws.
*Airdrieonians v. Raith R., Hearts v. Dundee, *Morton v. Hibernian.

[For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.]

GIVE HIM a 'MAB'

FOR CHRISTMAS AND HE WILL BE YOUR FRIEND FOR LIFE. The dwarf Mab is the easiest and safest shaving instrument made. Its handy size and shape enables even a novice to use it at once and get a clean and velvety shave. Used by men who know all over the world.



Booklet on Shaving Post Free.

PRICES: Dwarf Size, 4/6. Medium, 5/6. Pairs in Case, 12/6 14/6.
The Mab Complete Shaving Outfit, 20/-
Of all Dealers or Post Free from
MAB CO. 730, NEWHALL ST., BIRMINGHAM

100 Candle Power PIFCO 4 Hours for 1d.
Incandescent Gas Light
With Common Paraffin
Safe & Simple, Just use a Match.
Beats Gas or Electric
7 Days' Trial FREE.
Complete Lamp 30/-
Send no Money. Write for Catalogue.
PIFCO, Ltd.,
91, High St., MANCHESTER
Stocked in 37 different styles.

Himrod's ASTHMA CURE
The standard remedy for over 50 years
Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.
AT ALL CHEMISTS
4s. 6d. a tin

ZOX-BALM FOR GOUT RHEUMATISM
"Have derived great benefit from your Zox-Balm" writes a user. So will you if you suffer from Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Headache, Sprains or Bruises. 1/3 & 2/6 of Chemists, etc., or sent Post Free for 1/3. *Write for Pamphlet.*
The ZOX Co., 11, Hatton Gdn., E.C.1

KOMPO FOR COLDS
The Universal Remedy
FOR
COLDS, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, &c.
"KOMPO"
Regd.
Sold by all Chemists and Stores in bottles 1/3 and 3/-.
Manufactured only by
J. F. WHITE & Co., *Chemists*, Leeds.

Susan Sophia Sempronia Brown
Was the leanest woman in London town;
Whatever she ate, she grew thinner and thinner—
She had horrible pains after breakfast and dinner.

The family doctor scratched his head:
"She must eat *Mustard*" was what he said.

"Lots of Mustard at every meal,
"Mustard with mutton and beef and veal,
"Mustard with fish and cheese and bacon—
"To be mixed 10 minutes before it is taken."

At once her system regained its vigour,
She developed a perfectly *lovely* figure,
Went on the Stage at the *Folies Bergère*
And married the Marquis of Autorepaire!

Colman's DRY Mustard

Always see there is a fresh supply on the table.

The Loaf of most Nourishment

"Bermaline" is a brown bread with the appearance that invites closer acquaintance.

It has a crisp, delicious crust which you will enjoy biting into, and its flavour is altogether worthy of its looks.

Being very rich in nourishment (finest wheat and malted barley are its ingredients), and most easily digested, "Bermaline" will be particularly appreciated by those who are forced to be more than usually discriminating in the matter of diet.

"Bermaline" Bread

ASK YOUR BAKER

BB.9

"I Love to Dance but OH! MY FEET!"

Try this, and forget all your aches, pains, strains, corns, callouses, or other foot troubles.

You have only to dissolve a small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a hot foot-bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

Phyllis Monkman says saltrated water is wonderful. The refreshing foot-bath prepared by adding Reudel Bath Saltrates is not only highly medicated, but it also contains oxygen, an element which is Nature's own refreshing and healing agent. There is no other way in which these wonderful properties can be imparted to the water. The saltrated bath has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them, even in their worst forms. Every sensation of burning, chafing and bruising; all swelling, stiffness and inflammation; *any* sort of corn, callous, or other foot torture, will soon be only an unpleasant memory of the past. Merely cutting the top off a corn with a razor, or burning it off with caustic liquids, plasters, etc., is about as logical as cutting the top off an aching tooth, and is simply a waste of time. Also it hurts and is dangerous.

Millions of packets of Reudel Bath Saltrates have been sold, every one containing a signed guarantee to return money in full if any user is dissatisfied. No question, no delay, and no red tape. Yet the sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, as you will understand when you see for yourself the wonderful effect it produces. In packets of convenient sizes, and at very low prices, from all chemists.

Wise Wives—Buy Useful Xmas Gifts

As a Seasonable Gift our BEDDING BALE is ideal. It is not only useful but gives greater value for money than you can find elsewhere.

We offer you £4 worth of Fine Quality Bedding for **£2** *Carr. Paid*

EVERY article in this bale is a real bargain, and if purchased separately could not be bought under £4. They are all new goods stocked from the manufacturers — not job lots or a clearance stock.

The bale consists of:—
2 Blankets (full double bed size), heavy fleecy woollen, strongly whipped edges.
2 Sheets, strong, heavy pure white bleached (7 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft.).
2 Pillow Cases, fine quality, pure white bleached, full size.
2 Bath Towels, heavy, large size.
1 Quilt, fancy, honeycomb pattern (7 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft.)
1 Bolster Case, full size, pure white bleached.

Money Returned in full if Goods not completely satisfactory.

ALBION BEDDING CO.
(Dept. 20),
10, SOUTH ST., LONDON, E.C.2.
Two minutes from Moorgate Tube Station.

Send your order early so as to ensure delivery before Xmas. Orders dealt with strictly in rotation.

JUNO GRAMOPHONES

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS YOU WILL ENJOY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

We have every kind of model in stock, and you can obtain them on the easiest of easy payments. Our system is to arrange terms so as to bring these wonderful gramophones within the reach of all. Easy payments from 1s. 6d. weekly

BRITISH MADE AND CARRIAGE PAID.

GUARANTEE

Our 15 years' reputation. Money refunded if not satisfied. Write to-day for our beautiful coloured catalogue B.18, sent FREE on request.

CASH £7.5.0

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO., LTD.
163 & 165, Westminster, London, S.W.1

Motoring for the Million

by MOTOMAC.

THE Swift Company have drawn attention to themselves by advertising "No reductions at a time when their competitors were booming lower prices." They were just taking their own line as they have done many times before.

It may have been literally true, but there are more ways than one of lowering prices, and to anyone who has had experience of the Swift, there is little doubt that the new 10 H.P. is a great improvement on previous models.

To begin with, and this is for the Scot only, you save a pound in the Tax, for it is not quite a ten. Apart from that grave consideration, every improvement is the result of careful judgment.

The company are conservative by nature, they are not in a hurry to adopt anything that comes along just for the sake of being up to date.

It is true they have cut out the magneto, which is somewhat opposed to normal British practice, but they have provided a very powerful dynamo, directly driven from the crankshaft, which means steady generating at moderate speeds and never any trouble with belts. The accumulator for a small car is more than ample. In fact, the Swift is one of the few cars I have handled which has never failed me in the lighting or starting department, summer or winter, heat or frost. The starting-handle rusted up for no other reason than that it was never used.

THERE is no need to go into any detail about the 10 Swift. Its performances are too well known, the little Clover Leaf trade-mark is familiar in every county. It is more sturdily built than many of the cars of its class. It has tone and style. It is the product of experience.

The firm, I believe, made sewing-machines in Coventry before motors were thought of. I know they made bicycles, for one of the first pneumatics I ever saw was a Swift, and the proud possesser was looked upon as somewhat of a plutocrat amongst the ordinary mortals of the village who rode solids.

I know that this bicycle did many years of hard service, and I have heard of users of Swift cars claiming that they improve as they grow older. If this be so, it only proves that the makers recover more than their advertising.

In any case at £250 the 10 Swift is value for money, and because of the traditions of the name there is always a ready sale for them in the second-hand market if at any time one is compelled to part company with them. The little coupé on the same chassis fitted complete with leather hood, windows, shock absorbers, etc., is in my judgment the nicest lady's car at the price. In addition to its individuality it is easy to handle, and comfortable to use.

ONE cannot leave the subject without honorable mention of the Swift 12 H.P. It may not be amongst the Class for the Million, but it is worth consideration for the thousand. It is, of course, a larger car, a useful four-seater, a good chassis for a coupe for professional men who have hard work to do in outlying districts.

Doctors are fond of them, and although we don't seek their advice on cars, they know how to estimate service, and on "Swifts" I have had their opinion free.

***

For further particulars about cars and accessories send coupon on page 2.

Car or Combination?

The Austin Seven

gives car comfort and protection at the price of a combination. Running cost is 1d. per mile.

Seats two adults with children, has electric lighting and horn, and complete all weather equipment, spare wheel and tyre. The 4-cylinder engine is watercooled, three speeds are provided and brakes on all wheels. Chassis lubrication is by grease gun. Mechanical starter.

£165

Write for "Motoring at Trumfare" depicting the car for shopping, business use, and week-end jaunts with the children.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR Co., Ltd., Longbridge, BIRMINGHAM.
LONDON: 479-483, Oxford Street, W.1. (*near Marble Arch*).

A Factory in a Kitchen.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOURSELF AND FAMILY

NEW PROFESSION UNLIMITED SCOPE. OPEN TO YOU.

ALL MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY CAN HELP. We offer you the opportunity to commence a new and fascinating business in your own home, manufacturing an article in constant and increasing demand—an article that is a necessity of modern life.

USE YOUR WINTER EVENINGS PROFITABLY—

and not only your Winter evenings, but every evening and—eventually—every day of the year. You are free to earn anything up to

£6 PER WEEK EARN MONEY IN COMFORT BY YOUR OWN FIRESIDE.

Royal Letters Patent protect the article you make, and Goods reaching the required standard will be sold (if desired) for you through our Distributors. We guarantee you a profit of not less than 50 per cent. on your outlay for Raw Material (which need not be purchased from us).

NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE OR EXPENSIVE MACHINERY REQUIRED.

A very small initial outlay will see you started in your spare time.

START IN A HUMBLE WAY AND COMMENCE TO BUILD WITHOUT DELAY.

Not a "Mail Order" or similar proposition, but something entirely new and absolutely genuine.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

Write us, without any obligation on your part, enclosing 1½d. stamp to cover postage, and full particulars of our offer, together with UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY FROM PRESENT LICENSEES, will be sent you, under plain wrapper, per return of post. Please give your name and address very clearly. Address your application to:

THE ENGLAND-RICHARDS COMPANY 66, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

Every Car Owner needs the EVER WARM RADIATOR LAMP

AVOID scraped knuckles and weary arms in vainly attempting to start your engine on frosty mornings! Put an "Ever Warm" Lamp under the bonnet at night and the first "pull over" in the morning will start the engine. The "Ever Warm" is absolutely safe—made like a miner's lamp. Will burn for 48 hours without attention. No more cracked water-jackets or broken cylinders.

Obtainable at all Garages, Repair Shops and Accessory Dealers, or direct from **17/6**

EDWIN CHAMBERS, LTD. (J.B.), Onward Works, Leeds Road, Bradford.

AFTER WASHING UP

After handling dirty, greasy pots and dishes—use Gre-Solvent to clean your hands. It quickly removes all dirt and leaves the skin soft and white. Gre-Solvent cleans enamelled ware, linoleums, paint and insides of gas ovens.

GRE-SOLVENT
MILES AHEAD OF SOAP

Parties and Dances Made Jolly

Send 10/- for 144 Xmas Carnival and Fun Novelties, carriage paid. Amusing and sensational, consisting of hats, masks, noses, streamers, garlands, balloons, confetti, stick-feathers, musical novelties, etc.

TOYS for Children's Parties

Special Xmas Bargain Cabinet contains 288 well-assorted toys, dolls and novelties for 15s., carriage paid, cash with order

JONES'S
TOY WAREHOUSE,
5, Lower Briggate, LEEDS.

FURS

at WHOLESALE PRICES

The finest selection of beautiful ready made FURS in London to choose from. Every article of GUARANTEED QUALITY however low the price paid. *Inspection cordially invited, or write for New Illustrated Catalogue.*

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO., 145, Cheapside, E.C.
Showrooms: First Floor.

John Bull's "Letter Bag"

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

W. R. (Manchester.—"We are accountable for our actions only to a very slight extent. The evil in me, for instance, has descended to me from my father." Hope you'll remember to tell your son this when he grows up.

Mrs. V. (Edinburgh).—"Is not the brightly-lit, warm, public house a direct haven of rest for the workman and his grown-up sons?" Isn't mother going to have any, then?

O. S. (Biggleswade).—"Do you believe in people making resolutions for the New Year?" We have more faith in those who carry them out.

J. H. (Bolton).—"I may be wrong, but I would rather see a girl dance than smoke." We see no reason why they shouldn't do both if it pleases them.

W. Z. F. (Abingdon).—"What do you think of the story I sent you last week?" We can only say that it is not our desire to quarrel with you.

K. W. (Stockingford).—"Next year my vegetable garden will surprise everybody." It seems that you are working up a little plot.

A. C. M. (Boston).—"It is very difficult to know how to take some girls." Most of them prefer to be taken for better or worse.

G. S. F. (Denistown).—"I like your paper so much that I spend many hours looking through it." And there are many who enjoy your views.

KENDETH (Holloway).—"Naturally, in business, everyone must start at the bottom." But not if one happens to be digging a well.

W. B. (Brompton Road).—"Like the d—— fools we are, we will keep on paying and grumbling." Much better to pay up and look pleasant.

J. B. S. (Sheffield).—"Songs are written about everything nowadays, even the hard-up have their troubles sung about." In rag-time, no doubt.

R. A. (Pollokshields).—"What is better than to have a husband with a sense of humour?" Nothing, unless it's one with common sense.

J. H. J. (Tranmere).—"After the election, thank God! fresh air is not taxed." Now we can breathe again.

M. N. (Dalston).—"The whole world is upside down. Everything is topsy-turvy." Still it keeps on revolving.

VIOLA (Aberdare).—"I have always aspired to marry a rich man." But many rich men make poor husbands.

B. S. (Norwood).—"I do not think Lord Rothermere should be allowed to govern public opinion." That's just what worries him—he'd like to, but public opinion won't let him.

K. H. (Lincoln).—"The way to settle unemployment is to give Germany a chance." The trouble is she won't take advantage of the chances she's had already.

T. L. (Henfield).—"Whenever there is a shortage of anything, up goes the price." And when there isn't a shortage the price goes up just the same.

B. W. (Rye).—"If you think my letter would help the country you may publish it." And now you'll be able to tell exactly what we think.

T. C. (Stockton).—"I have a model husband." You know that a model is a small imitation of the real thing, don't you?

F. M. (Edinburgh).—"How long has this farce of spending public money to go on?" Until we get a Government willing to ring down the curtain.

D. V. (Colchester).—"What use is the daily press to the 'man in the street'?" About as much as a pair of spectacles to a blind man.

A. M. T. (Sunderland).—"Everybody will, as usual, eat too much at Christmas." Not everybody! Some'll be lucky if they get anything like a decent meal.

P. T. (Platting).—"I quarrelled with my brother and now he has persuaded my mother to take his side." Curious how troubles can be multiplied by division!

J. S. (Willesden).—"I see M. Poincaré is going to broadcast us a New Year message." Headphones off to France!

H. B. (Bayswater).—"I am voicing the opinion of hundreds of your readers." A sort of loud speaker!

D. I. (Hatfield).—"Let us take off our coats to this damned 'hats off' nonsense." Phew! You sound warm!

L. P. (Glasgow).—"Dancing expresses one's elevated self." No wonder you feel superior!

D. L. (Stratford).—"I think my views are worth passing on." Which is just where we differ.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

WORRIED (——).—"Can I write to JOHN BULL for advice without a word being published and would the contents of my letter be kept strictly private?" Certainly! We receive many such communications. Address your letter to "Humanist."

V. S. (North Shields).—"Although I am not particularly interested in these affairs, frequently, when I am alone I see the most delightful mental picture." That's probably because of your frame of mind at the moment.

P. G. (Woodford).—"There's no sense in getting up before you have to. I could get up at five every morning if necessary." In other words, you could rise to the occasion.

M. R. (Stratford).—"Clergymen are not always what you expect them to be." Depends entirely on what you expect them to be. Clergymen are only human after all.

Y. N. (Newark).—"I buy the *Daily Mail* because it is a big pennyworth." Thanks! We've often wondered why people bought it at all!

C. I. (Ipswich).—"Politicians make a business of professing honesty." Political honesty is one of the dying industries they talked about.

D. T. (Birmingham).—"I do not seem to be able to get on at all these days." Same here. The telephone service in this country is positively disgusting.

B. J. T. (Mount Vernon). — "This country will certainly remain wet." There now! And we've mislaid our umbrella.

M. L. (Ashton).—"You are always after the politicians." To our mind, we are very frequently well ahead of them.

W. J. K. (Kensington).—"Where is the spirit of Christmas?" So far as we're concerned, it's locked up in the sideboard.

L. F. (Stoke).—"I have written this in my best writing." We should just hate to see your worst.

S. C. (Balham).—"You usually hit the nail right on the head." That's because we're expert at nailing lies to the counter.

H. M. (Leek).—"Drinking is just a habit with some men." An automatic lubrication system so to speak.

A. M. (Ampthill).—"You are partly right and partly wrong." And you are altogether mixed up.

S. D. (Rugby).—"I don't say all that I think." We've had a merciful escape!

Y. S. (Yeovil).—"My answer to you, sir, is I *don't* think." It's obvious!

L. T. (Ipswich).—"I have just won my first *Bullets* prize." Good, may your next be the *Bullets* First Prize—it is worth £300 this week.

T. C. (Manchester).—"It is frequently stated by thinking men that if we would recover ourselves employers and employees must pull together." Sure they must! After all, aren't they both in the same boat?

V. B. (Bainbridge).—"Since demobilisation I have been making a living as a window cleaner." Then you're one of the fellows that help us to get a clearer view of things.

D. R. P. (Cape Town).—"When discussing the drink question it is essential that we get below the surface." Blow the froth off, as it were.

S. M. J. (Lincoln).—"As one intimately connected with the trade I may tell you that prices will bring about a shortage of mistletoe." Then spooney couples must simply carry on without the usual Yule Tide excuse.

M. E. R. (Dudley).—"Half the girls who go on the stage only do so in order to make good marriages, and most of them succeed." Then they've to get on the stage to get off.

A. D. (Birkenhead).—"We have just had an election here." Now *there's* a coincidence. We've had one round our way recently, too!

P. B. (Smethwick).—"How can a working man be expected to save much out of a little wage?" How can you do *anything* much with little?

G. P. R. (Wood Green).—"As one with experience of life both in London and in the Provinces, I say that London is much over-rated." And the people thereof think they are too.

G. P. (Dewsbury).—"For instance how many young housewives could make a Christmas pudding?" Ah! And how many young husbands could eat them if they did.

J. N. (Willesden).—"And, being tired of Association football, I want to play 'Rugger' and to get in touch with the Secretary of a good Club." As it's 'Rugger' you naturally want to get in touch."

TEACHER (Denbigh).—"It is hardly fair to classify all schools in the same category." Quite right, some are infinitely worse than others.

H. W. (Clapton).—"The sight of pretty clothes in a shop window is enough to turn any girl's head." And her father's bank balance.

O. M. (Dudley).—"It is good to stretch one's limbs at a decent dance-hall." Agreed. But be careful not to trip anybody up.

MRS. W. F. G. (Salford).—"Chauffeurs are respectable men. I'm married to one, and I know." It's a wise wife that knows her own husband.

B. M. (Sheffield).—"I am one of the quietest men that ever entered a public house." But it's how you come out that matters.

B. L. (Dublin).—"Honestly I do not know what it means to have one over the eight." Well, that's the limit.

W. R. (N.S.).—"I have risen an hour earlier in order to write you." Pity you hadn't stopped in bed.

R. D. (Brixton).—"How many of us would be willing to do so if we knew the right way?" We wonder!

W. F. S. (Glasgow).—"I can't afford a large family." Necessity is the mother of prevention.

N. S. (Frome).—"Believe me, or believe me not." As it's all the same to you, we won't.

Will the lady who has written to Mr. Moseley from Newby Bridge and Ulverstone, please send her name and address as there are several letters awaiting her.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

You're just in the nick of time
FOR YOUR
Golden Xmas Gift
from
JOHN BULL

— Turn to page 2. —

Making People Young by Science.

Dr. Burchardi, the famous surgeon, talks about a matter of vital interest to women.

REJUVENATION — that word to conjure with, that will-o'-the-wisp which has beguiled women for centuries, that time-honoured lure of the charlatan—has of late years become the goal of profound scientific research and experiment by eminent Continental physicians and surgeons, who possibly are less bound by traditional rules than their British brethren, and are therefore more at liberty to make their discoveries known to the lay world at large.

Chief among these brilliant medical experts is Dr. Burchardi, of Vienna, the renowned surgeon, whose name is honoured in all clinical centres abroad. Summoned to this country to perform several important operations, he is in residence at 27, New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, W., where, anxious to learn whether the rejuvenation of women by scientific and orthodox means was really possible, I found him luckily with ten minutes to spare between the departure of one patient and the advent of another.

"No monkey-glands in my treatment," he declared, in response to my tentative suggestion, "nor does it necessitate any operation in the case of women."

Asked to give me some idea of the result of his researches, and of his method of bringing back lost youthfulness, the famous surgeon launched out into a lucid and extremely interesting explanation, devoid of the technical terms which are caviare to the general. . . .

The body is practically induced by the Burchardi method of revitalisation to rejuvenate itself. This is accomplished, in the case of women, by a wonderful series of treatments in which special X-rays play the leading part. The patient reclines on a comfortable couch and experiences no unpleasant sensations.

"A good deal depends on the patient's condition," added Dr. Burchardi; "I don't attempt to treat an absolutely worn-out or very old man or woman. Some of my best cases have been what are known as nervous wrecks—women haggard and aged by over-fatigue and nerve-exhaustion. Many women come to me prematurely lined and old-looking, though not old in point of years. There are women with naturally sweet dispositions who make everyone in the home miserable by their terrible irritability or constant ailments. Their faces are thin and drawn, and they are the despair of the family physician, for he can find nothing organically wrong. With them I have had remarkably successful results."

"How many treatments are necessary?" I asked.

"Depends on the case. About six to twelve, usually," replied Dr. Burchardi. "Perhaps you saw in the papers the case of A. G. Hales, the war correspondent and novelist, who had such a bad nervous breakdown that he could not write a word. He was my patient, and in less than two months he was able to do his four thousand words a day. The re-vitalising of the brain cells is really remarkable."

"It sounds simply splendid, Doctor," I remarked, "and thanks to you, what is known as a 'faded woman' should soon be as extinct as the dodo. But how long does the rejuvenation last, and does the treatment need renewal?"

"The restoration — or rejuvenation—lasts from ten to twenty years. I do not pretend to prolong life beyond the allotted span, but I can restore youth and health and normal conditions when these are abnormal through nerve disorders, debility, and age—I don't mean real old age. It is most interesting to watch the gradual return of the lost vitality and the renewal of energy, and the improvement in sight and hearing and digestion. One patient, an elderly man, who could barely read with glasses, found his sight so much improved that he needed no glasses for reading. In the case of men a slight operation for glandular transformation is necessary, which is performed under a local anæsthetic.

"Perhaps you might like to have a look at the treatment room," suggested the Doctor kindly, and he led the way to the quiet airy room where what one may almost call miracles are performed by this gentle-voiced, dark-haired professor, with the penetrating brown eyes behind the inevitable glasses, the firm cool hands and the pleasant voice.

Over the adjustable couch which occupied the centre of the room was the special X-ray apparatus, with Dr. Burchardi's own special lenses and appliances which at present are only known to himself. It was reassuring to hear that there is no discomfort nor nerve-shock, or anything to alarm and upset timid or apprehensive patients in the treatment.

She has just to remain quiescent and relaxed while the gentle, gradually stimulative rays revitalise the dormant secretions, renewing once again the almost forgotten sensation of health and strength and energy, and bringing back to faded cheek and hollow neck, dull eyes and sagging contour the round freshness and charm of youth. . . .

To us who hear of the great work done by this modest man of science with his wonderful mastery of hitherto unknown secrets of the human body, it all seems very wonderful that youthful power and looks can be restored by painless legitimate means to the women who have hitherto despaired of any such happiness being theirs as to possess once more the priceless *joie de vivre*.

J. M. S. C.

(*Extract from "The Gentlewoman," 8-9-23*).

Refreshing fruit is plentiful & cheap

THE luscious juices which make Oranges and Apples delightful and refreshing have a wonderful effect on Health. With their help the digestive cells work with enthusiasm. Thanks to their purifying effect the blood is cleaner, richer, and more vigorous.

Everybody knows that "an Apple a day keeps the doctor away" and the Apple is the King of Fruits. But remember that Oranges and Pears are also in the "royal" family. Let Lemons, too, have a frequent place in your daily diet — the system needs their health-giving acids. To keep fit

Eat More Fruit

ORANGES · APPLES · PEARS · LEMONS

Children's love of Fruit gives you a great chance to keep them healthy — let them eat fruit plentifully.

Send for interesting fruit recipe book "99 ways of enjoying fruit," enclosing 1d. stamp for postage.

Issued by The Fruit Growers' Federation of Great Britain, Advertisement Department, 10-13, New Bridge St., London, E.C.4

BY ALL MEANS DRINK AND USE MORE MILK

but be sure it is rich, pure and clean. Nestlé's Milk diluted to accord with the New Ministry of Health Regulations is 20% RICHER IN CREAM than the legal standard for ordinary dairy milk. Not only is

NESTLÉ'S MILK

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

but it is guaranteed absolutely Clean and Pure. Use Nestlé's for all Household purposes, or if unsweetened milk is preferred, get "IDEAL."

Prevent little accidents becoming serious dangers.

As long as it is natural for your child to play, to meddle, and do daring tricks, there will always be little bruises to soothe, little cuts to heal, and little bandages to be made for hands and knees.

But there never will be any danger of complications arising therefrom if you will keep Lion Ointment handy and apply it at once to the little sufferer's damaged flesh. No mother ought to be without a box of *Lion* Ointment.

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

is equally good for the more serious accidents that happen to the mother herself. For burns, scalds, bruises, splinters, stings, etc., there is nothing that stops pain and heals more quickly.

Estd. 1847.

TRADE MARK.

It is famous all over the world for curing Abscesses, Boils, Carbuncles, Whitlows, Poisoned Wounds or any Skin Disease, Eczema, Ringworm, etc.

Get Lion Ointment when you are out to-day from any chemist or store.

PRICES 1/2, 3/-, 5/-, etc., per box, or post free from E. BURGESS, 89, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1.

Play Billiards in your own home.

14/- DOWN

A Postal Order for 14/- will bring carriage paid to any address within 1 mile of a railway station in the United Kingdom, the 6 ft. 4 in. size "Riley" BILLIARD TABLE (Cash Price, £11 18s.) to fit on ordinary dining table. The balance you pay monthly. There are various sizes to fit all dining tables—see price list.

Seven Days' Free Trial Given.

Write for Free Price List.

RILEY'S "COSHIRE" BILLIARD and DINING TABLES, from £22 10s., or in 13 or 20 monthly payments. Riley's are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Write for particulars. Estimates given free for all repairs and accessories.

Riley's Imperial, Full Size Billiard Table.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., DUKE WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

London Showrooms (Dept. B) 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. 1.

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and Whooping Cough

Reduce the Air Ration below Health Point.

The natural consequence is that the breathing is affected, the bronchial tubes or bronchi become inflamed, and cough, more or less serious, follows. If neglected the entire respiratory system is weakened, and that way consumption lies. Children suffer more frequently from such complaints than do their elders, the death rate among the very young being truly appalling, and in too many instances due entirely to thoughtless neglect.

The World's Supreme Remedy

is Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, so called because of the rapidity with which it overcomes chronic coughs and cures deep-seated and long-standing cases of any of the above-named troubles. Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, in Open Competition with the world, was

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL AT THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, PARIS, 1910,

for its purity, efficacy, and pharmaceutical excellence.

Many thousands of testimonials from cured patients, scientific men, and doctors have been received. The following is an example:—

Chas. Hyatt-Woolf, Esq., F.R.P.S., F.R.S.L., *in his work, "Truths About Things We Live on and Daily Use," says:—"I have experimented in the laboratory with Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and I have likewise applied it in practice . . . . In all cases to which I applied it the influence of this remedy was most marked."*

Reduced fac-simile of original package. Refuse all imitations & substitutes.

Ask always for Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. It is sold by Chemists, Stores, and Medicine Dealers throughout the Empire.

Home Price, 1s. 3d.; Family Size, 3s.

Veno's LIGHTNING Cough Cure

THE LONGEST STOCKING

Room for All Surplus Christmas Gifts

MANY parents will smile indulgently this Christmas Eve when they see how their children have ransacked the wardrobe to find the longest stocking to hang up, so that there should be room enough for all the gifts they have asked Santa Claus to bring them.

In many prosperous homes even the longest stockings will not suffice to contain all the wonderful things that will come mysteriously down the chimney while the children are sleeping in the golden land of fairy tales, and when they awaken at daylight the youngsters will find that not only are the stockings filled to bursting with good things, but toys are hung round the cot rails and piled upon the floor. Happy, happy children!

Yet there are many homes where the children's stockings must remain empty. There are many that we know of where the children have not even a serviceable stocking between them to hang up. Christmas is for them only a season of brighter lights and more gaily decorated shop windows that but accentuate the gloomy drabness of their homes. The wonderful things they see displayed as they press their pinched faces against the glass are mysteries reserved for children who live in a world apart.

Charles Dickens wrote, "It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child Himself."

The Son of Man lay in a stable on the first Christmas morn, but wise men bowed in homage before Him and laid at His feet gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

These children of men remain in the poverty and squalor in which they were born, and there is none to bring them gifts on Christmas Day.

Will you not think of these as you fill your little ones' stockings? The longest stocking of all is the stocking of "The Greatest of These" Fund, which can never be filled, for as fast as gifts are put into it they are taken out and distributed to the poor and needy.

Please send us a contribution.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mother (Newport), parcel; "A Trial Ninth," 3d.; A Ikin, 2s. 6d.; "Hope," 2s.; "Lucky Ninth" (Caerphilly), 1s. 6d.; "Watford," 2s.; "Manchester," 3s. 6d.; I. M. H., 9d.; "Burnley," 6d.; "Denys," 2s. 6d.; "Thankful," 2s. 0½d.; "Rap," 4d.; W. S., 1s.; "Fag," 20s.; "Daddie's Ninth," 4d.; "Bimbo," 10s. and parcel; "Thankoffering," 2s.; "Nupper's Nill," 4s.; "Light Hand's Ninth," 1s. 6d.; "Norwich," 7½d.; "Wellshot," 7d.; "Three Ninths" (Edinburgh), 2s. 3d.; "Leytop," 1s. 6d.; "One Ninth, S. A. S.," 1s. 4d.; "Four Ninths," 2s. 6d.; "Trinidad," £2; "Agome," 3½d.; K. K., 1s.; "E. Dulwich," 6d.; "Hingham'er," 1s. 9d.; W. C. T., 7d.; "Irvine," 6d.; R. E. S., 10s.; "Tommy Tucker," 1s. 8d.; G. W., 1s.; "Luck," 1s.; T. A. T. (Sydney), 4d.; "Hard Up," 9d.; R. H. B., 9d.; E. W. K. (Clapham), 3s. 2d.; "Eastbourne," 1s.; R. V. R., 2s. 2½d.; W. E. H. (Ripley), 6½d.; "Hallite," 9s.; "Unlucky Lily," 4d.; "Ashton-u-Lyne," 2s. 1d.; "Anon," 1s.; J. S. Elliott, 22s. 3d.; J. W. W., 2s. 6d.; Tom Mitchell, 1s.; R. C. T., 1s. 9d.; "Sunday's Ninth," 9d.; "Third Ninth," 5½d.; "April Fool," 1s. 6d.; "Fulham Ninth," 1s. 6d.; "Sympathiser," 1s. 6d.; "Soft Heart," 1s.; "A Widow," 9d.; S. A. C. and F. M. C., 10s.; A. E. B., 2s.; "In Sympathy," 1s.; "Ninth" (Warwick), 4d.; "Hard Up Ninth," 4½d.; "N. W. Ninth," 1s. 7d.; "Wellwisher," 10d.; "Second Ninth," 1s. 4d.; "Blue Eggs," 2s. 2½d.; "Joan," 2s. 6d.; "Adlith" (Devon), £2; "Anotus," 4½d.; L. E., 5½d.; L. T. B. S., 3d.; A. R. C., 3d.; "Justinia" (Hitchin), 1s. 6d.; T. Wilde, 1s.; "Struggler's Ninth," 9½d.; "Croydon for Luck," 3s. 1d.; B. M. P., 2s.; J. H., 4½d.; "Fairfield," 1s.; "Ashton-u-Lyne," 3s.; "Bath," 8d.; "Yorkie," 2s. 6d.; "Unselfish," 4½d.; L. V. W., 7d.; "Hopeful Ninth," 2s. 3d.; P. Pans, 4d.; "Always Unlucky," 2s. 6d.; A. T. Wal. 1s.; "For Victory, B. E.," 1s. 6d.; C. R. Taylor, 1s.; W. x H., 6d.; "Lucky Ack," 11½d.; J. McG., 1s.; Mrs. Blakey, 2s. 6d.; "Thea," 2s.; "Chiswick," 3s. 3d.; "Wellwisher, P. W.," 1s. 1d.; L. A. G., 6d.; "Worthing," 1s.; "Follower of the Ninth," 9d.; "A Tideswell (Buxton) Ninth," 3s.; "Charwin," 2s.; "77512," 5s.; "Bootle," 2s. 2d.; J. M. (Stirling), 1s. 6d; "Ninth Naira," 9d.; E. D. (Southsea), 9d.

E. L. Jarvis, 1s.; Anonymous, parcel; A. Gee, 9d.; "Unfortunate One," 5d.; "First Magic," 1s. 7d.; "Hopeful," 4d.; "Third Ninth" (Leeds), 4s.; M. E. S., 6½d.; "Spalding," 3s. 9d.; C. E. H., 1s. 6d.; "Simpthy," 2s. 3d.; L. M. N., 4½d.; "Still Wondering," 1s.; "Lucky Jim," 4s. 4d.; "Perthite," 1s. 6d.; S. D. S., 6d.; "Thank You," 10d.; "Unlucky," 1s. 0½d.; C. C. (Gateshead), 9d.; "Creepatch," 2s. 6d.; "Burr's Hill," 9½d.; "H. M. Ninth," 1s.; I. O. W., 1s.; A. M. Barry, 2s.; "Upper Parkstone," 2s. 5d.; "Invalid's Wife," 6½d.; "Homeless," 9d.; C. E. J. L., 1s.; "One Ninth," 6d.; "Bryn," 1s. 1½d.; "In Memory of Inns of Court," 1s.; "Invalid," 9d.; "Kit," 6d.; "Leeds," 3d.; "Two First Ninths," 1s.; Ethel, 3d.; "Thankoffering," £1; "Second Ninth, G. E. B.," 2s.; Mrs Kennedy, 9d.; "Every Little Helps," 7d.; Elizabeth, 9d.; O. T. B., 9d.; "Croydon," 10½d.; A. B., 1s.; H. J. L., 9½d.; M. C., 2s. 6d.; W. C., 2d.; H. M., 1s.; "Blue," 9d.; "19/1/9th," 2s. 6d.; "Salop," 7d.; "Here's Luck," 9d.; "Another First," 2s.; "Durban Boy and Girl," 10s.; "Husband and Wife," 2s.; "Hire System," 6d.; "Farm Labourer's Third," 7½d.; "Ninth and a Bit," 1s.; "Hope," 2s. 3d.; E. Parsons, 4s.; "Glitto's Second and Third," 1s. 9d.; "Hawick," 1s.; "Coventry," 1s.; L. M. J., 4d.; "Eago" (Barnsbury), 3s.; "A Ninth," 3½d.; J. H. (Southend), parcel; "Unlucky," 1s.; Bath, 1s. 6d.; "Sotab," 1s. 3d.; L. Hughes, 2s. 5d.; E. M., 6d.; "Leith," 1s.; "Hearty Affection," 9d.; "To Some Friend From a Friend," 1s.; "Servant Girl," 6d.; "Mother of Eight," 2s. 3d.; "P. F., Ipswich," 3s.; Miss G. W., 2s. 6d.; "Widnes," 1s.; W. x H., 6d.; "Jonah," 7½d.; J., 2s.; R. Smith, 10½d.; "Nil Desperandum," 1s.; L. L. H., 9d.; H. A. R., 2s. 3d.; "Thankful," 5s. 6d.; F. B., 6d.; Tim, 2s. 6d.; "Wicked Gambler," 10s. 7d.; Anon., 4d.; "Chauffeur," 7d.; H. C. G., 1s.; "Unlucky" (Kirkwall), 2s. 3d.; D. H., 9d.; "Auchtearder Ninth," 4s.; M. R., 9d.; A., 3d.; "Bristolian," 9d.; "Cardiff," 2s.; "Second Ninth" (Leeds), 1s. 6d.; T. C., 1s.; "Leo," 4d.; "Cut Bono," 1s. 3d.; G. H. M., 1s. 2½d.; "Sympathy," 1s. 3d.; "Bolton," 2s.; "Looking for Work," 4d.; "Betty," 3s.; A. W. Methil, 1s.; "Tanglewood," 8s.; "D.C.M.'s Ninth," 2s. 6d.; "Nemmo," 5s.; I. H., 1s.; "Rawmarsh," 2s.; "In Gratitude to the Nine," 1s. 6d.; R. G., 4½d.; "Ninth" (Warwick), 6d.; "Self-Denial," 3s. 2d.; "Hard Up," 6d.; A. B. (Barking), 5½d.; "Deal," 7d.; "Punter" (Bridgnorth), 1s. 3d.; "Believer," 9d.; "Three Ninths, F. G.," 2s. 9d.; "Ajax," 1s. 6d.; "Yad," 9s.; H. M. M., 6d.; Alf S. (Hunslet), 1s.; "Sports IX," 1s.; "Nagpur," 1s.; "1681," 2s. 4d.; C. H. C., 1s.; G. R. (Hull), 13s. 6d.; "Cobbler's Ninth," 1s. 9½d.; J. D. A., 9d.; "Anon, The Markets," 2s. 10d.; Lucy, 7½d.; A. H., 1s. 4½d.; "Loughborough," 3s.; M. C., 9d.; A. C. C., 2s.; "Mebowen," 7½d.; W. M. A. P., 1s.; "Sydenham," 6d.; "Tom Thumb," 11d.; L. G., 7½d.; "Sicyon," 1s. 9d.; "Moderate," 1s. 2d.; "Newport," 9d.; "Weekly Pension," 8d.; "Alfold," 7d.; "Royal Alarm," 8d.; E. Milleson, 6s. 9d.; "Opportunist," 6d.; "Vic," 6d.; "Poor Widow," 1s.; Ealing, £5 note No. 440,103; Mr. W. Golding, the winner of the Fir & Prize in "Bullets" Competition No. 504, has kindly sent us £5.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

A 1d. P.C. WILL HELP YOU TO WIN £500. A FREE COPY—SENT POST PAID OF THE "COMPETITORS' JOURNAL"

can be had by any "Bullets" enthusiast who sends us a post-card with full name and address. It is the competitor's "twopenny treasure"—the only paper which assists competitors to win prizes in competitions promoted by the popular weeklies. If your newsagent is sold out—just send a p.c. to "The Publisher," "The COMPETITORS' JOURNAL," 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C., and your free copy will be dispatched.

A £250 DOLE

Three weeks ago the prospects of Mr. W. Golding (of 311, Queen's Park Road, Brighton) were, to say the least, gloomy. Though an ex-Service man, the only employment he could obtain was occasional carpentry on bungalow buildings in the locality.

Without regular work, and having a mother to support, he was reluctantly contemplating signing on for the dole.

To-day, Mr. Golding is one of the happiest men in Brighton, for he has won the First Prize of £250 in *Bullets* Competition No. 504 with the simple yet striking effort—

"CAPITAL LEVY—WISH IT WORRIED ME."

"The winning *Bullet*," he writes, "was my own effort, and just expresses my own sentiments, as I expect it expresses those of your readers. My first success in *Bullets* was a book prize in 1918, and the last, prior to this, was a 'Target.'"

Beyond deciding that the £250 will be wisely expended, and that he intends a voluntary Capital Levy of £5 for our "Greatest of These——" Fund, Mr. Golding has as yet made no plans for the future. But his former worries have flown, his prospects are rosier now and he can confidently look forward to a brighter year to come.

That is what £250 has done for one competitor. What could £500, the First Prize in *Bullets* this week, do for you?

"Bullets" Questions Answered

I have just won a £1 prize in Bullets, but I do not understand the handling of cheques, and I have no banking account. Which is the best way to exchange it into hard cash?

Sign your name on the back of the cheque. Any tradesman or friend who has a banking account can then cash it for you.

I often compete in Bullets, but I do not seem to be able to get above the "Target" or half-crown list. I wonder why this is?

Many competitors, like this correspondent, are continually amongst the smaller prize-winners, yet do not secure their share of the larger awards. It may be that their *Bullets* present in only slightly better form topical ideas which other competitors are also employing. Perhaps their ideas are original but expressed a trifle too clumsily to justify higher distinction. Possibly they rely on old ideas so served up as to deserve a small prize but not more. Or again, many *Bullets* winning small prizes are undoubtedly ingenious and original, but altogether too far-fetched or exaggerated to gain better recognition.

I have won one of the Turkey prizes in Bullets, and I must say that this temporary addition to your weekly prize-lists was greatly appreciated. Would it not be possible to continue some such added attraction into the New Year?

Although *Bullets* already shows a longer list of prize-winners than any other competition, we are preparing a *Bullets* surprise for the New Year which will be something much more than merely an "added attraction." Watch this page for further details.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 506.

HAPPY NEW YEAR	A CLEAR ROAD
OUR GOVERNMENT	PAIN RELIEVER
WHAT LONDON WILL DO	HOME PREFERRED
THE WRONG DOOR	COUNTING OUT
IT HAS ENDED	REALITY
DISTRESS AND HARD	FIRST START
WORKING ALONE	REPLACED
WHEN FATHER SPEAKS	CLEARING UP
DIFFICULT JOB	HARMING TIME
GOOD HUSBAND	ASHAMED

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 10th. All Coupons so used SHOULD be marked clearly with the number 506 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 506, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Each Coupon must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 507.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 507.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
MAKES US THINK
WAITS
GIRLS AND BOYS
WALKING HOME
FINISHED
TOMMY'S STOCKING
OVER HERE
I WISH THAT
BORN TIRED
IN THE MINORITY
OFF COLOUR
NOT FOR SALE
AN HONEST MAN
MY PRESENT
THERE'S NO TELLING
HER RESOLUTION
GETTING OWN BACK
FIRST OFFENCE
EXPECTING COMPANY
SPOILING THE PICTURE
MODERN LIFE
ROUND THE FIRE
ANOTHER YEAR
A DANCE
UNDER THE MISTLETOE
LITTLE WILLIE
PARTY GAMES
STUFFING
MY WIFE SAYS
A TOY
WHAT MONEY WILL DO

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 504, can now be seen in the window of Mr. Hawes, 43, Invergordon Road, Brighton.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three or Four words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—CAPITAL LEVY *Bullet*:—WISH IT WORRIED ME. *Example*:—GOOD LOOKS *Bullet*:—NOT WHEN SHE'S "ROUSED." *Example*:—HER HERO *Bullet*:—BEFORE—HER HEARER AFTER. The entry for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 507, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, January 3.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(507) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 3.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(507) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 3.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(507) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 3.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(507) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' NOTICE.—Copies for 25, 50 and 51 respectively will be sold to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 504 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The result of "Bullets" Competition No. 505 will appear Next Week.

Coming! "Bullets" New Prize-lists!

Of all Grocers, Chemists, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

6d.
Per Stick.

A Present for Papa.

LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

B 126—109

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Post Free all over the world: 13s. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. For Canada: The Imperial News Co., Ltd., Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver; Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; The American News Co. For America; International News Co., Ltd., and American News Co., Ltd. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshops, at 78, Harbe-vez-Horton, Brussles, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.